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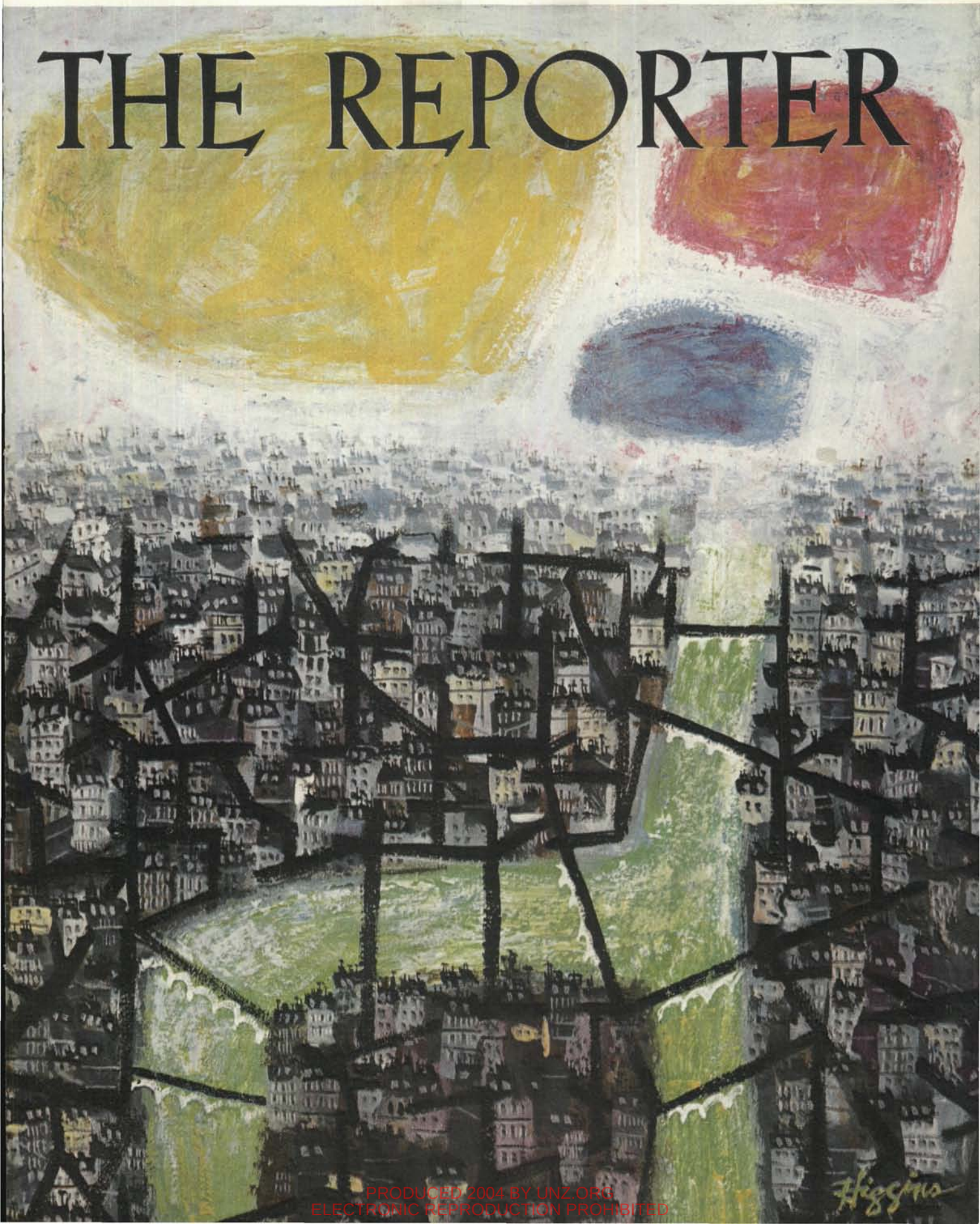
April 16, 1959 25¢

THE REVENGE OF THE FOURTH REPUBLIC

# THE REPORTER

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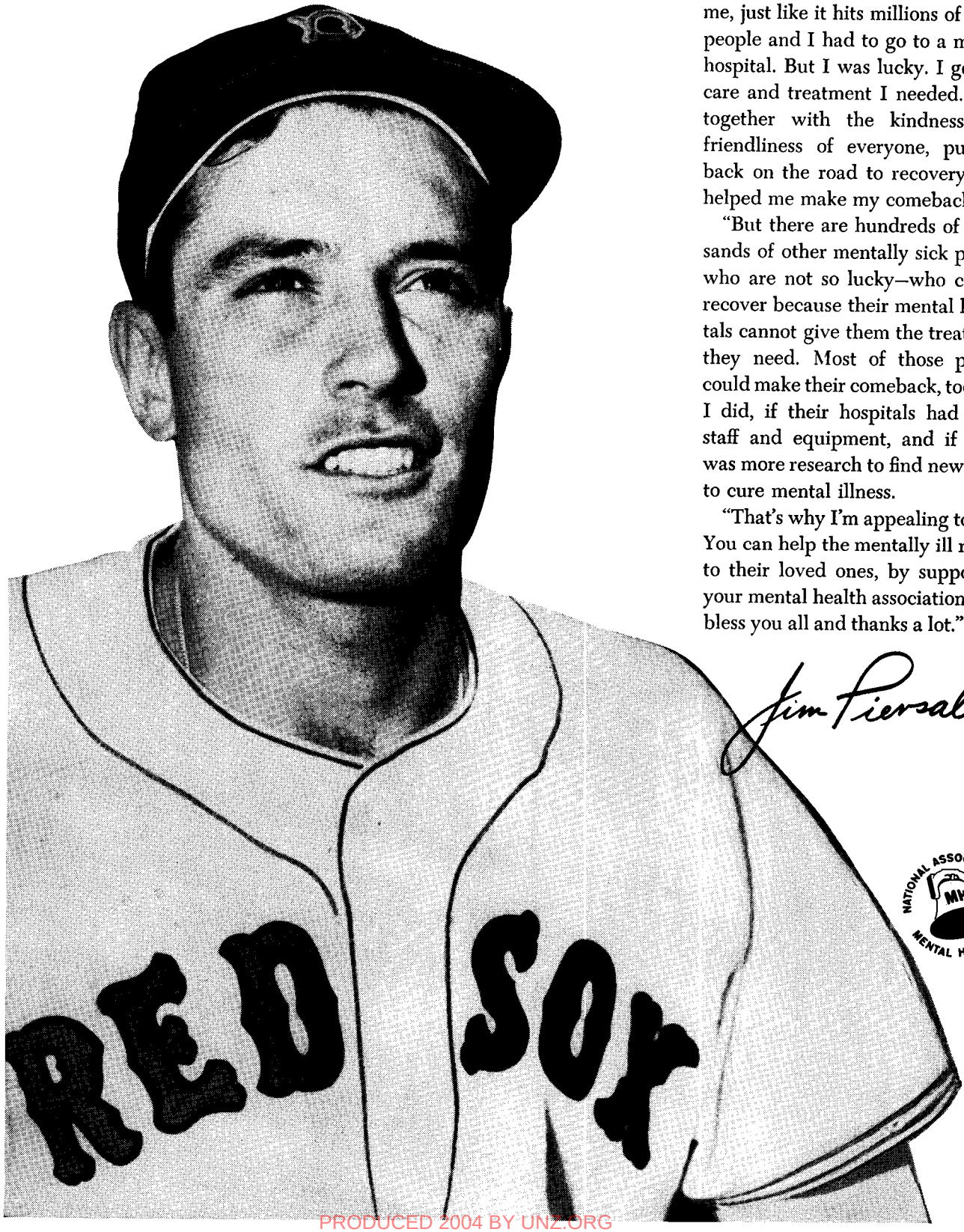
# "I licked mental illness"




"Several years ago, mental illness hit me, just like it hits millions of other people and I had to go to a mental hospital. But I was lucky. I got the care and treatment I needed. That together with the kindness and friendliness of everyone, put me back on the road to recovery, and helped me make my comeback.

"But there are hundreds of thousands of other mentally sick people who are not so lucky—who cannot recover because their mental hospitals cannot give them the treatment they need. Most of those people could make their comeback, too, like I did, if their hospitals had more staff and equipment, and if there was more research to find new ways to cure mental illness.

"That's why I'm appealing to you. You can help the mentally ill return to their loved ones, by supporting your mental health association. God bless you all and thanks a lot."

Jim Piersall

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH

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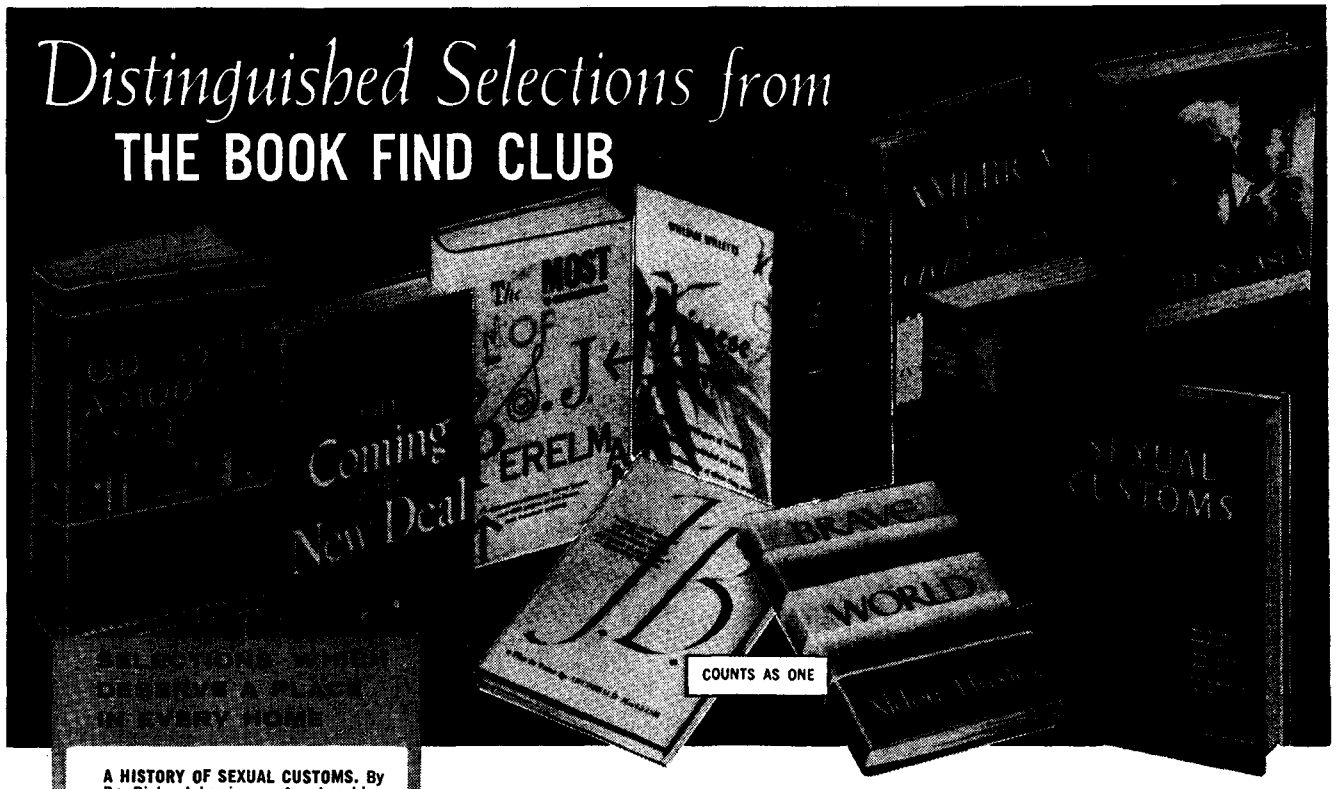


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# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## The End of Bandung?

The revolt in Tibet, with its profound impact on Indian and Southeast Asian opinion, and the sharp split in the Arab world between Kassem's Iraq and Nasser's United Arab Republic, together may well mark the end of a little era in postwar history. For up to now the most profound and enduring political sentiment in the ex-colonial territories has been an instinctive hostility to the "imperialist" West and an equally instinctive solidarity with all those who, for whatever unscrupulous reason, fought against the remnants of western domination. It was this sentiment that united the otherwise very diverse participants at Bandung in 1955, and it was the overriding strength of this sentiment that raised the very name of Bandung to its significance as a symbol. Against it, even the most moderate western warnings against Communist intentions and even the most generous western efforts at political and economic assistance have often rebounded with little effect.

Now the Bandung complex is slowly and painfully having to adjust itself to the real world. This process, insofar as it leads to a more jaundiced view of Communist mystagogy, is to be heartily welcomed. But we ought not to have smug illusions of our own to the effect that the Asians and Africans are merely and belatedly awakening to the dangers of Communism and are therefore gravitating to "our" side. Nasser may overnight have become the enemy of our enemy. But that is not quite the same thing as becoming our friend, even if it is the next best thing to it.

The fact is—and in our parochial enthusiasm we tend to overlook it—that within Asia and Africa there are tensions, problems, and conflicts whose dimensions are as yet unsuspected. Communism or no Communism, the coexistence in one hemisphere of such various nations as China, India, and Japan is bound to create its own kind of crises and contradictions. And "Arab nationalism," though a useful rallying cry for a street demonstration, cannot disguise the fact that some Arabs have oil while others do not—or even that some Arabs are more Arab than others. The politics of Asia and Africa is only in the very first stages of definition. To try to comprehend it in terms of a simple dichotomy, Communism and anti-Communism, happens to be *our* complex. The greatest service we can perform to the new nations of the East is to try to see them as they are. Perhaps when we have succeeded in that, they will be ready to see us as we are—though there is, of course, no guaranteeing in advance what conclusions they will draw from this experience.

## A Little Candle

For several weeks now the subject of nepotism on Capitol Hill—not to mention on the front porch back in Indiana—has been one of the main journalistic preoccupations in Washington. When House Disbursing Clerk Harry Livingston, evidently weary of the exposés, sought to withhold the records from reporters, they gave *him* a turn. It seems that Mr. Livingston had been running a little enterprise on the side, known appropriately as the "Friends of Harry Livingston." Its purpose was to arrange weekend parties for Congressional aides at the Virginia estate of a lobbyist named Clinton M. Hester, who represents the U.S. Brewers Foundation.

And yet, amid such ugly recriminations, one good deed shone forth like the little candle in a naughty world. Senator Stephen M. Young of Ohio announced that he would dispose of nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of sugar and air-lines stock because he didn't want there to be any question of his impartiality when he was called upon to deal in committee with legislation that might affect these companies. At the same time, Young publicly listed the stocks he has decided to retain. Noting his sizable oil holdings, he said there was nothing to worry about on that score because he plans to vote for a reduction in the oil-depletion allowance anyway.

Senator Young showed signs of being a loner from the very first day he arrived in the Senate. There is an ancient tradition that a newly elected senator makes his maiden trip down the aisle accompanied by the senior senator from his state, even though the two be mortal enemies. Young announced that he would prefer to walk alone rather than in the company of Frank Lausche, a fellow Democrat who had not lifted a finger to help Young in his hard-fought campaign to unseat John Bricker. Back in 1953, incidentally, Bricker dismissed all criticism of the fact that he shared in his law firm's fees from the Pennsylvania Railroad while serving as chairman of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee by asking a well-nigh unanswerable question: "Everybody knows I'm honest, so what's wrong with my being chairman of the committee and

### GUILELESS IN LHASA

Tibet or not Tibet
That is the question—
And whether Nehru knows the scale as yet
Of Mao's digestion.

—SEC

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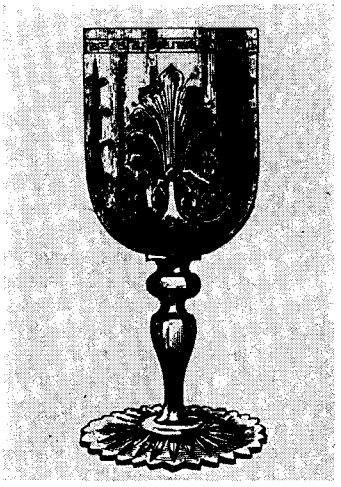
*Proposing a Tasty Counterbalance to Irish Coffee*



# A NEW, ALL NEW RECIPE FOR BRAZILIAN WHISKEY!

[ NUMBER IV ] *(continued unabated from last issue)*

all Irish Whiskies share an emphatic, burnished elegance of flavor quite apart from anything else known to man's tongue. There are, moreover, differences *between* them. They cover a broad spectrum of taste. The man at the whiskey store will surely know and if he doesn't there's nothing for it but you must buy a bottle of each and find out for yourself. Science will be the richer for your enquiring mind. However, as we have observed in the previous chapters, these delicacies of flavor and body are largely negated when the whiskey is taken in Irish Coffee, a concoction which appears to have bedazzled the Western World. Not that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are knocking it, understand. If coffee must be laced it's better we do the lacing. The question of Pride versus Profit has no easy solution. Meanwhile we must be realistic; you can't change human nature. There will always be coffee. But to make *your* choice the easier you'll note we've provided two coupons instead of the customary one. Please act promptly as we are most anxious

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*Send it to the Pride people, too. Thanks.*

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to know your true feelings and to send you one badge or the other so you can lord it over your friends. Air mail to Dublin is fifteen cents; surface mail eight cents; post cards five cents. Our cable address is COTRA, Dublin, if you feel you must. But bear in mind the time differential for it's probable that a Night Letter would do every bit as well as a straight cable and be thriftier into the bargain. Besides, the twenty words you'll get will enable you to be less perfunctory and more cordial. We see we've not got in the promised recipe and we're almost out of page again. Still, if we go to smaller type we may make it yet; let's make the effort. BRAZILIAN WHISKEY: 1. Fill ordinary highball glass to halfway mark with strong coffee. 2. Swirl or jostle coffee around until inside of glass is coated. 3. Pour coffee back in pot. 4. Wash glass thoroughly in hot sudsy water. 5. Pour a generous sufficiency of Irish Whiskey into glass. 6. Add ice and soda or water. We have developed a number of other recipes and weaning plans just to assist Irish Coffee drinkers through the difficult withdrawal period.

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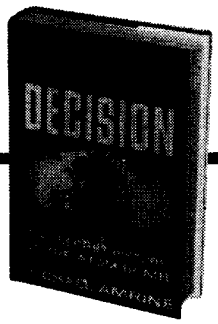


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*Ralph E. Lapp, in the *Washington Post*
**Robert G. Spivack, *N. Y. Post*
****The Saturday Review*


## STRATEGY BY BUDGET

ERIC SEVAREID

The United States Army has another able advocate in its new Chief of Staff, General Lyman L. Lemnitzer, but it now loses the services of the best intellect on the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in the retirement of General Maxwell D. Taylor. Like General Matthew Ridgway before him, Taylor is cut from rare and exceptional cloth. But the color of that cloth is olive drab, and in recent years no spokesman, however brilliant, wearing Army colors has been able to save the Army from its status as the underprivileged child in the military family. Army strength has been steadily cut away; even today, in the face of possible crisis over Germany, General Norstad's urgent pleas for several thousand more men for his American NATO forces—not additional men, just replacements for those taken away—even these pleas are falling on deaf official ears in Washington.

But we may soon be hearing much more, in rather indignant tones, about what has been happening to the Army. Two or three senators of considerable power in this field, including at least one who has always been a champion of the Air Force, are now in a rebellious mood in the Army's behalf. They are tired of forwarding General Taylor's requests to the Pentagon and then receiving word that the Joint Chiefs of Staff disapprove. That reply has an irrefutable, corporate sound about it, but the Joint Chiefs, of course, are simply the individual heads of each service, plus the chairman—himself an Air Force officer. The pattern of Air Force, Navy, and Marines salvaging their budgets at the expense of the Army is now all too familiar to senators.

The U.S. Army no longer marches on its stomach—or even its feet. Its men must be flown to trouble spots. But the Air Force controls the troop-carrier planes and the cargo planes. Very few of them exist, since the Air Force does not care to spend very much building new ones, and in this respect the Army is virtually helpless. In terms of a past era, this situation would be comparable to keeping the Navy in charge of the Army's boots. One now hears allegations from responsible congressmen that the Air Force and the Navy really want to turn the Army into a kind of Home Guard, manning such installations as the Nike battalions—which will very soon, of course, be useless as Russian missiles replace Russian bombers.

The latest psychological blow dealt the Army was the President's statement that we would not fight a ground war in Europe. This is the official doctrine, but even in Europe a limited war is not inconceivable. It is just beginning to dawn on many people, in fact, that in a few years conventional wars will be the only kind of war that we or the Russians will be likely to fight—even against each other. Within a few years each country will have a system of nuclear-warhead missiles that cannot possibly be put out of action even by a surprise attack; both sides would be utterly destroyed in such a war, and for certain. Which is why such a war is extremely unlikely; each country's missile establishment will become a necessary but very white, white elephant.

Between now and that coming period, the very smallness of our conventional forces makes a nuclear war more likely—because our existing equipment will determine our strategy, not the other way around. In other words, our present budgets will determine whether a limited war stays limited or becomes an atomic war. The President put it very bluntly a few weeks ago. Asked if our present ground forces are capable of handling any brushfire situations that might break out, he replied as follows: "If we can't, then the war's gotten beyond a brush war and . . . you have got to think in much, much bigger terms."

So there you have it. Whether a clash remains a small clash will not depend on the nature of the issue involved, or the nations involved, or the intrinsic aims of such a fight; it will, on the President's testimony, depend on the size of the ground forces the United States happens to possess at the time. If those forces are too small, then we must think about using nuclear weapons—the one thing that humanity must avoid at almost any cost.

In our first year of the Second World War, when our arsenal was small, General Marshall used to complain that our production was determining our strategy; we seem to be in that condition again.

*(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)*



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receiving money from the law firm?"

We are very curious to see how many are going to follow Senator Young's example—and how many will continue to walk in the footsteps of Senator Bricker. We shall keep our readers informed of the tally, and are limbering up the fingers of one hand for that express purpose.

## These Things Were Said

¶ Viscount Malvern said that . . . all these African people—until they were much advanced—were liars; and he could explain this to the House. It was nothing wrong in their world. It was one of the defensive mechanisms provided by their Creator to be used as and when required. In Britain we were not brought up to be like that . . . —*London* Times *report of proceedings in the House of Lords.*

¶ The American male is physically endowed with all the really essential equipment to compete with the American female on equal terms with the rearing of infants.—*Dr. Harry F. Harlow, University of Wisconsin psychologist.*

¶ That is the best statement that I have heard here in 100 years. The only thing wrong with the statement is that I did not make it.—*Representative Daniel J. Flood at Defense subcommittee hearings.*

¶ The Rev. Anthony P. Treasure, rector of the church [St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church on the Green in Norwalk, Connecticut], said that a jazz quartet of piano, bass, drums and horn would play the "Twentieth Century Folk Mass," also known as the "Jazz Mass." Father Treasure said that the beguine rhythm would accompany the Kyrie eleison and the Agnus Dei and that waltz time would mark the Gloria.—*New York* Times.

¶ We wish to say to parents, and especially to mothers, that they should not interfere and should not be afraid to let their daughters go to the virgin lands. Believe us, dear mamas, here they will come to know the real, the great joy of labor.—*Komsomolskaya Pravda.*

¶ An American labor official today called for high-caliber labor leadership with "the best features of West Point, a theological seminary and ward politics."—*Press release from the Fund for the Republic.*

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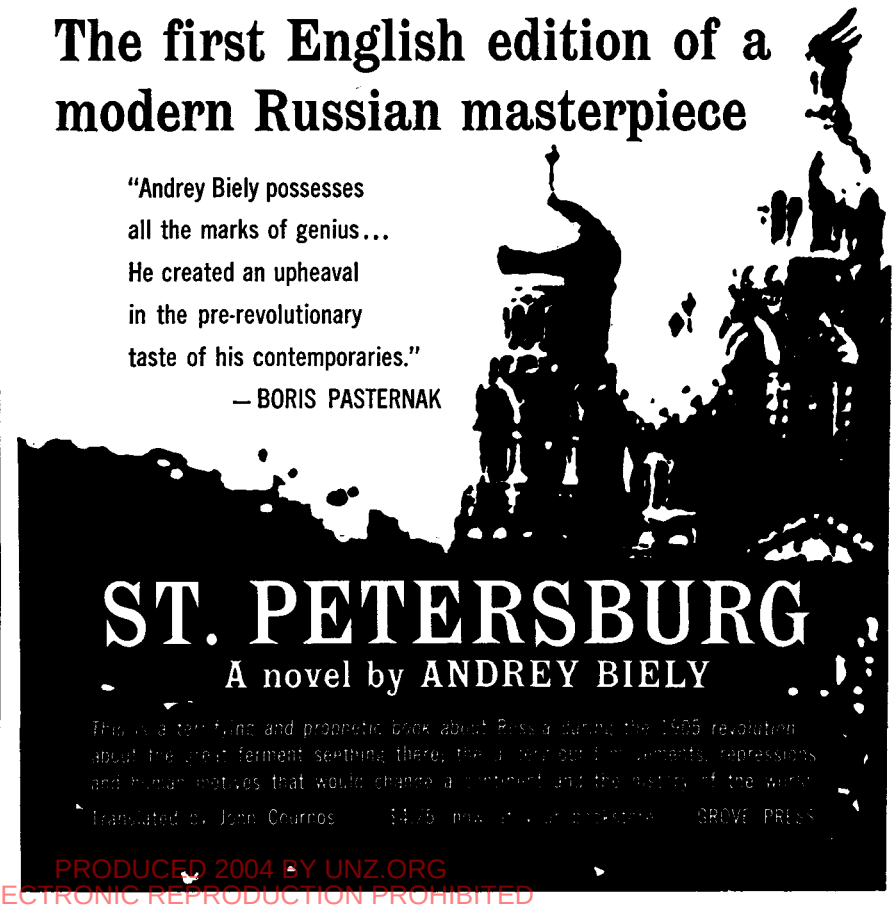
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# CORRESPONDENCE

## BURIED IN COMMITTEE

**To the Editors:** Henry A. Kissinger ("The Policymaker and the Intellectual," *The Reporter,* March 5) has opened a lively question in noting that many bureaus in the government have paid private agencies and universities the compliment of adopting their committee method for the study and determination of problems of foreign policy. He notes further the unhappy evidence that the result has been a waste of time and talent, and an increase in bureaucratic irresponsibility—an area where no increase of the kind was needed.

This group method, introduced here after the First World War by some of Woodrow Wilson's experts at Versailles, who had a plain purpose, brought great dividends for the United States in the way of better comprehension of our role in the world. And since the political judgment of these internationalists was validated by events, they won enormous prestige for the method itself.

After the Second World War the need of arriving at sound estimates of foreign relations was even more pressing. Popular interest, rightly, mounted. The original method was put into mass production.

Since there were not enough able men, nor, in truth, a sufficient number of topics for inquiry to focus the energies and the funds of these hundreds of centers and thousands of study groups, the exercise in method tended to become an end in itself. In some places it was fearfully elaborated. The method reached committees and departments of government just when its suitability needed to be critically re-examined.

It seems to me that the most useful contribution that individual intellectuals can make to foreign policy at present is simply to go ahead with such a re-examination. On the negative side that requires critical comment on the abstractions (of which Mr. Kissinger gives telling examples) being offered as policy by the proliferating committees. More positively, it requires analyses set plainly in the field of international politics. Isaiah Bowman, himself a great scholar, used to call that "the relentless now."

BYRON DEXTER
South Woodstock, Vermont

**To the Editors:** Mr. Kissinger summarizes almost perfectly my own experience as a research director in relation to administrators. I could recall experiences to illustrate almost every phrase in the essay. It is indeed a great satisfaction to know that someone else has the same outlook I had developed over a period of nearly thirty-five years.

W. W. COXE
Delmar, New York

**To the Editors:** Sincere congratulations on the Kissinger essay. It is the most valuable stimulant to intelligent and constructive thinking that I have seen in many a moon.

REDINGTON FISKE, Editor
*Export Trade and Shipper*
New York

**To the Editors:** It is interesting to note that by substituting the words "company" or "business" in place of "government" or "national" in Henry A. Kissinger's essay, we produce a document that could be read with considerable profit by corporation executives throughout the country. The "sins" of the committee system are not limited to government; in business, too, they act as Mr. Kissinger has pointed out, as "consumers and sometimes sterilizers of ideas, rarely creators of them."

While some productive results have come from the committee approach, Mr. Kissinger's comments should be required reading for anyone who some day may feel the need for such a group or be asked to serve on one.

DANIEL J. SCHERER
New York

**To the Editors:** Mr. Kissinger's article is excellent. I would add to what he says in the last paragraph that not only is reality exhausted for the administrator, but so is the administrator. Unfortunately, administering with reverence for the individual is even more exhausting.

WILLIAM C. FELS, President
Bennington College
Bennington, Vermont

**To the Editors:** Mr. Kissinger has performed a great service by exposing the Achilles heel of our society's mighty array of armor. An even greater service can be accomplished if some public-spirited individual or firm will send reprints of his article to all civilian and military managers of our armed forces with the stipulation that it be read, not relegated to the "briefing" process.

LOUIS GINSBERG
Petersburg, Virginia

## SHADOW OF A WAR

**To the Editors:** I have just caught up with Irving Kristol's notice of my book, *In Every War but One,* which appeared in the February 5, 1959, issue of your magazine, and with William Peters's addition thereto. First let me thank you for the seven columns of space in Mr. Kristol's review. You must feel as I do that what happened to our prisoners in Korea is important. The comment in the review, both pro and con, was thoughtful. The pro I'll pass over with an appreciative murmur. The con, however, I'd like to illumine with some background data.

The review inquires whether mine was an independent journalistic survey.



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The answer is a loud and unqualified "No." For reasons I regard as persuasive, it never was intended to be. This limited the book, but also provided its strength. By the time I came onto the scene, the Army had, for its own purposes, developed information on a number of topics concerning prisoners. This information was scattered through the department in various places, being used for various legitimate projects. What I did was collect this information, digest it, and piece it together into narrative form. My relations with the Army, it could be said, were those of a writer to a library. I was free to pick and choose, ask questions of the librarian, develop my own theories from the files and from often contradictory outside sources for rejection or agreement, look into the record of Second World War indoctrination for pertinent parallels, and discard material on which there was no Army unanimity. But intentionally I never went outside the library walls. Why?

The reason is that the greatest stumbling block in this whole matter of prisoner appraisal is confusion caused by controversy. Let me give an example. The most important result of the Korean prisoner experience was promulgation of the Code of Conduct, which all men in uniform are now theoretically required to respect. Though the Army did much to evolve the Code (which many of its personnel regard as a memorable document), others privately describe it in far less flattering terms. Nor is this ambivalence confined to the Army. Let us take the Air Force. The basic training of one Air Force fighter pilot I know of involved essential evasion of the Code. He was told that if captured by the Communists he could expect to be brainwashed and expect to get over it, so why should he worry about the Code? On the other hand, at another Air Force base, perhaps our most important one, the Code is taught in such a Spartan manner that instructors disregard the escape sentence in Article V, "I will resist answering further questions to the utmost of my ability"—a sentence originally put in at the insistence of the Air Force.

It was exactly this kind of confusion and controversy that I wanted to avoid in all my writings on this subject—both articles and book. I felt the best way I could do this was by staying within the framework of the Army study. I wanted to put down what had been confirmed by five years of investigation in a form that would be readable by the ordinary two-legged civilian.

William Peters's addendum is simply another example of the confusion that controversy can cause. This gentleman, a former Air Force pilot in the Second World War, has written magazine articles on various aspects of Korean prisoner problems. His six columns of qualification on my book (this subject certainly breeds words in people) is material that I have seen before, months ago. I have long ago checked




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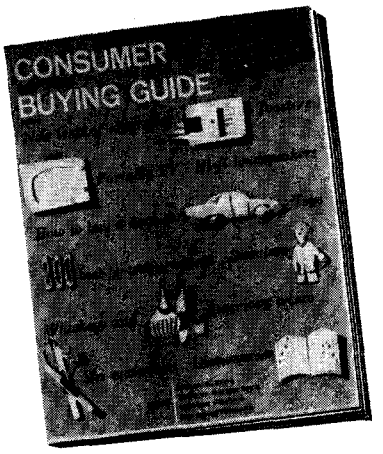


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his exceptions with the Army, and found no reason in any way to alter my original manuscript. The rugged Bronze Star resister he mentions was, the Army states, one of those punished for disciplinary reasons (see page 193, *In Every War but One*), a fact which in no wise alters the statement that the service found no single verifiable case in which torture was used as a *means of indoctrination*, italics in my page 193. His paragraph about the Turks is refuted in detail by pages 166-7 of my book and by sworn testimony before the McClellan committee, which was then airing the whole matter of prisoner indoctrination and to which it was stated under oath that the Turks were treated like other prisoners. The veiled references that I have met here (and elsewhere) that had I had access to classified documents my story might have been different are pure and simple malarky. Nothing is secret about the POW situation's essential facts. What *is* in debate is attitude. The man I consider the country's best-informed military writer told me that when faced with the facts of the Korean prisoner experience a person could form virtually any set of conclusions, depending on his basic attitude toward life. I'm glad that General Hull's and those of the other Code of Conduct committee members were what they were. Their conclusions and the President's action thereon supposedly should have set at rest debate on service statements, service motives. But they haven't.

The "annoying deficiencies" of the book that Mr. Kristol mentions in his review, to which I will now return, annoy me as much as they annoy him. I tried to plug the gaps, but they were unpluggable. Too often when I tried to follow up a natural lead, information was lacking. And when the Army lacked information (or unanimity thereon), the material (except for the chapter theorizing on discipline) didn't go in.

I regard my book, because of its deficiencies, merely as a starting point. I would love to see a venturesome foundation grab onto this problem—or one of its parts. But patience, funds, and workers would be needed, believe me. Group discipline, it seems, is one successful aid in resisting indoctrination. As such, it is of use to the military. But it is strictly surface. The deeper, more basic problem is to discover how character is improved (or malformed) in all life's various periods, beginning prenatally, in a world that is changing so fast that no man foresees the face of tomorrow—a brain-shaking concept I won't pursue any further.

I next move along to Mr. Kristol's remark ". . . the most extraordinary feature of the book: *There is not a single interview with a former POW in it,*" italics his. This one puzzles me. For one of the principal spokesmen is a returnee who was held in various compounds for thirty-three months; he is so described in the text. As for a later query as to why prisoners weren't personally interviewed, I ought to say that the Army itself suggested this course, stating it would be glad to set up talks with any progressives, resisters, or in-betweens still in the service, and give me addresses of dischargees. Originally I had expected to do this. But as my work progressed, it grew increasingly apparent that the great value of the Army study lay in its careful evaluation of returnees' stories based on extensive and meticulous cross-checking, no matter where in the country a source might be. For my research to have had equivalent value, I would have had to make an equally extensive and meticulous cross-check, a procedure that was obviously scarcely practical for an individual.

The circumstances surrounding the withdrawal of my partner, Professor John Dollard of Yale University, had nothing to do with any threatened censorship of his efforts by the Army, to which he was highly acceptable. He withdrew for personal reasons involved with his assuming a necessarily reduced role when the assignment broadened to take in military, medical, propagandistic, and legal aspects of Korean prisoner handling, areas outside his special competence. He felt that he could not justify rearranging his tight schedule for so relatively minor a role. I trust that this matter will be made clear in later editions.

While all the foregoing concerned with the review may sound like a substantial objection, it is not meant to be so. Virtually all of Mr. Kristol's points, I agree, were well taken, and I am glad to have the opportunity to try to throw some light on them.

Finally, to end on a personal note, I am glad and proud that the Army started and finished this study and had the guts to fight its findings through the Pentagon. And I am equally glad and proud that I was in any way associated with it.

EUGENE KINKEAD
Chappaqua, New York

**To the Editors:** Kinkead's book is even a greater distortion of the true facts than either Irving Kristol or William Peters realizes—all the distortions having the purpose of painting the record of the American POWs as black as possible. So, for example, on escapes. Mr. Peters feels he has to apologize for there being no successful escapes. For thirty-five cents at most good drugstores, one can buy either of two books containing stories of successful escapes by American POWs from Communist activity in Korea. First Lieutenant Melvin J. Shadduck, USAF, made an unaided escape after thirty-four days in Communist captivity. Captain Ward Millar, USAF, with the aid of a North Korean sergeant defector, walked out of an enemy hospital with two broken ankles, after being held three months, and evaded until able to signal a U.S. helicopter which returned him to U.N.



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lines. Captain William D. Locke, USAF, eluded his captors during a North Korean retreat and hid until American troops reached the scene. And there were many others.

Kinkead's statement—often repeated in accounts from the same sources—is that there were no escapes from "an organized POW camp." The gimmick here is that the Communists were so criminally indifferent to the welfare of POWs that they had no organized POW camps at all until talk of the truce began. Rather, the POWs lived and died in scattered temporary camps and holding points—in caves, open holes dug in hillsides, abandoned homes and schools, etc. The first "organized POW camp" was set up in January, 1951. Talk of truce continued through the spring and the formal negotiations for a truce and POW exchange began in July. By the strange rule of Kinkead's informants, the successful escapes which occurred prior to January, 1951, aren't counted because they were not from a "permanent camp."

Even neglecting the factor of protracted truce and POW repatriation talk of which POWs were aware, and making no allowances for unprecedented difficulties hindering successful escape—climate, terrain, the absence of contiguous neutral territory, racial visibility, etc.—the escape record in Korea is as good as that of any war in the past.

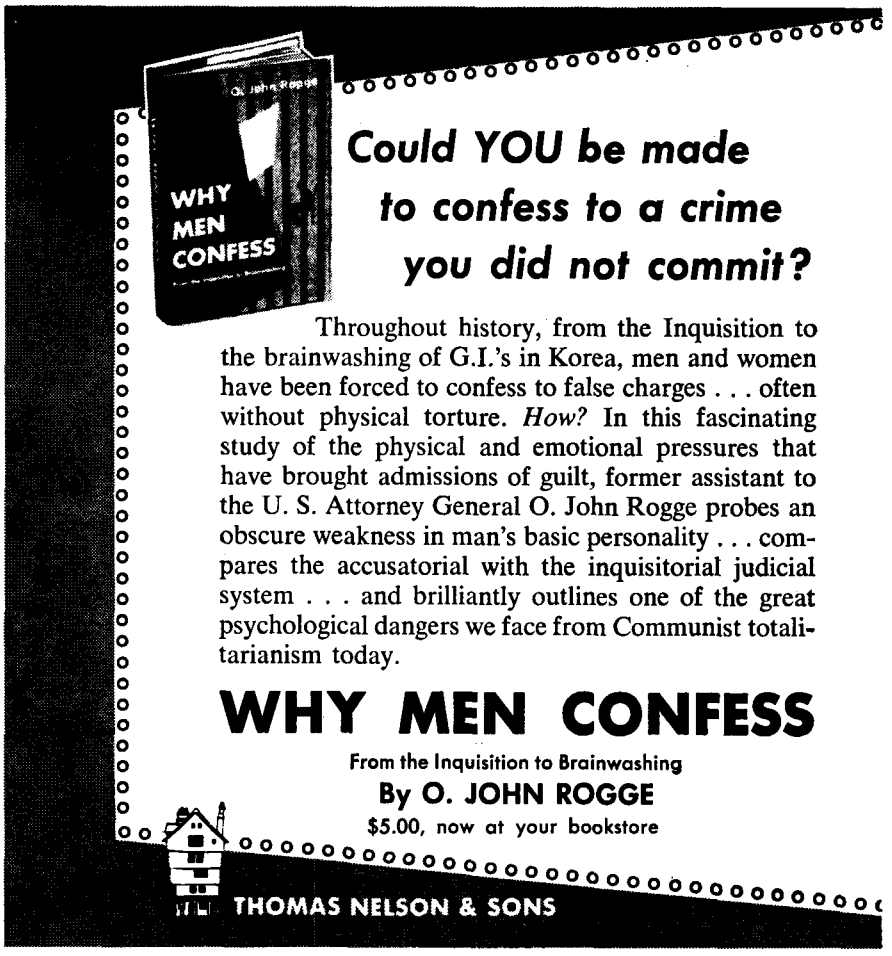
Another correction of Mr. Peters's rebuttal I would make is his attribution of the Kinkead book to the U.S. Army. This book contains the misinformation, misconceptions, and misinterpretations of a group of officers and officials of the Army who are grinding a particular ax. The opinions of individuals, however high-ranking, are not necessarily those of an institution. Kinkead says that his writing is "approved," but the approval given was that of a review which says solely that he revealed no classified information. The Army has done sound research on the POW episode, at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research and by contract with George Washington University. The results of this research, if Kinkead learned of them at all, are too distorted to be recognizable in his book.

ALBERT D. BIDERMAN
Falls Church, Virginia

## ART AND INSIGHT

**To the Editors:** Alfred Kazin's review of *Sight and Insight*, by Alexander Eliot ("Art is Good for You," *The Reporter*, April 2), is one of the best statements about the current confusion on art that I have seen. Eliot's book is a triviality, but as evidence of an increasingly widespread point of view it has an alarming meaning, and Mr. Kazin has clarified it more incisively than any other critic on the current scene.

HILTON KRAMER, Editor
*Arts*
New York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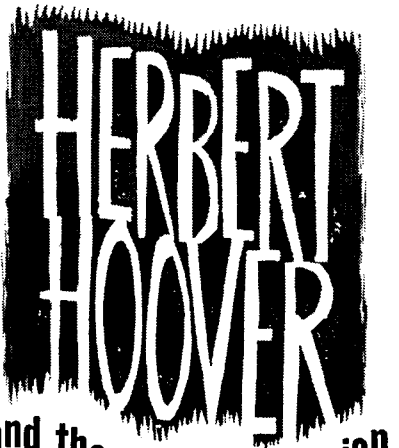


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# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

BROWSING through the *Encylopaedia Britannica* the other evening in order to rest our red-rimmed eyes and addled wits after several hours of struggling to "Enter here and on line 12, page 1, the amount shown on line 6 or 7 less amount claimed on line 8(c)" of the Federal income-tax return, we chanced upon this inspiring passage:

*"It was the duty of the unprivileged classes—slaves, vassals, peasants, colonists and conquered peoples—to support the ruling classes, be they the free citizens of Athens and Rome, the lords and nobles of the feudal barony or the courts of the Louis. Taxes as a badge of freedom rather than a mark of bondage are a modern phenomenon."*

It may seem a little difficult, especially as April 15 draws nigh, to think of Form 1040 as "a badge of freedom." And yet on the other hand, how else can you account for the amazing good humor and patience with which most of us go on paying the high taxes we have allowed our elected representatives to impose on us? But just as we have a right to demand that our money be spent carefully and wisely, we have a right to demand that the taxes be levied fairly on all of us alike. Unfortunately, as **John L. Hess** points out in this issue, there are a number of loopholes in our tax laws that serve the advantage of some taxpayers more than others. Many of these perfectly legal ways of reducing one's taxes are based on a plausible-sounding hypocrisy that in the long run may cost the nation even more than the loss of revenue they permit. Mr. Hess is a New York newspaperman who specializes in business news.

RECENT DISCLOSURES about the danger of radioactive fallout have prompted **Senator Frank Church** (D., Idaho) to offer a proposal for agreement with the Russians on nuclear testing that we find both persuasive and hopeful. . . . **Edmond Taylor** writes frequently from France for *The Reporter*. . . . **Jeffrey E. Fuller,** whose report of a recent trial in Bessemer, Alabama, will surely shock most of our readers as much as it did us, is an assistant director of the American Civil Liberties Union. . . . **Harlan Cleveland,** a former executive editor of this magazine who is now dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University, was assistant director for Europe of the Mutual Security Agency in 1952. His article is based on a paper he read at the annual convention of the American Economic Association. . . . **Edward Seidensticker,** who now makes his home in Japan, has translated a number of novels from Japanese into English.

A PROLIFIC Scottish writer, **Naomi Mitchison** has written books ranging in subject matter from children's fiction to a treatise on birth control. . . . Staff writer **Marya Mannes's** latest books are *More in Anger* (Lippincott) and *Subverse* (Braziller). . . . **Jay Jacobs** does covers and illustrations for us as well as reviews of books, art, and movies. . . . **Jocelyn Davey** (the pseudonym of a British Treasury official) is the author of two mystery stories—*Capitol Offense* and *Naked Villainy,* both published by Knopf. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith,** author of *The Affluent Society,* is Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** *The Inmost Leaf* has recently been reissued in paperback by Noonday. . . . **William Letwin** is associate professor of Industrial History at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. . . . **Lindsay Rogers** is Burgess Professor of Public Law at Columbia. . . . Rounding out our rather imposing faculty of teachers and scholars in this issue, **Justin O'Brien** is professor of French at Columbia. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** for whom no chair of popular music has yet been endowed, is co-editor of *Jazz Review,* a new monthly magazine.

Our cover is by **Don Higgins.**

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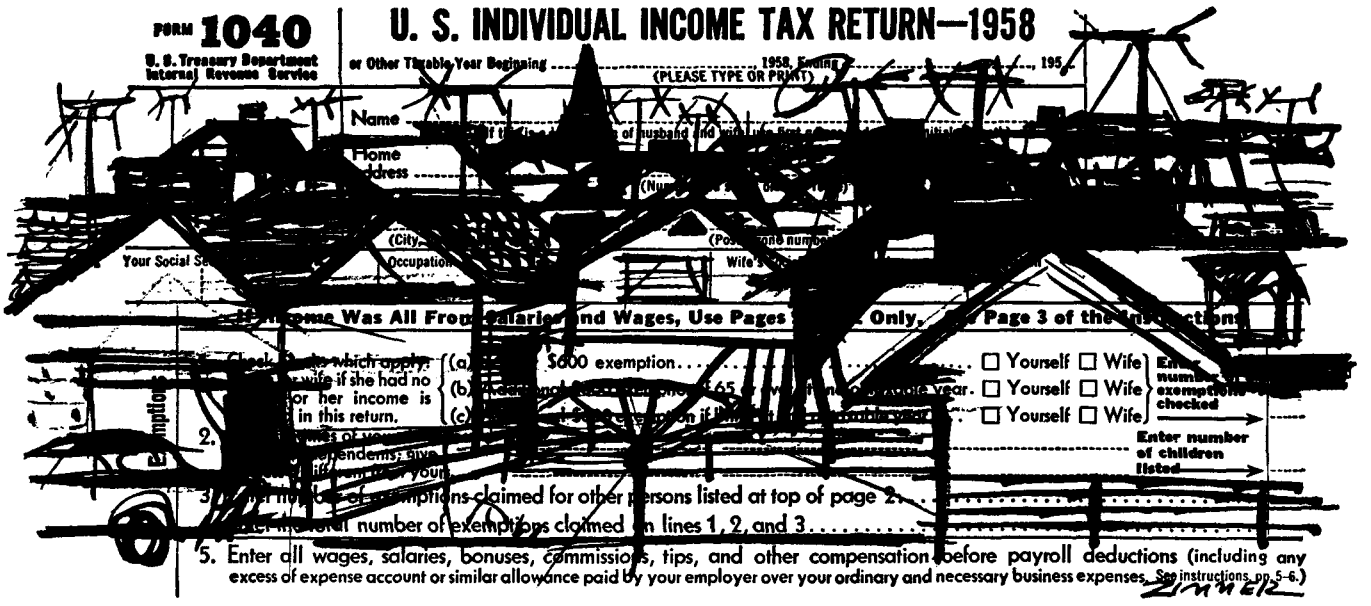
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# The Gentle Art Of Tax Avoidance

JOHN L. HESS

"I DON'T FEEL as though the government is entitled to anything," said the $25,000-a-year call girl on the Ed Murrow broadcast, "because these men are all legitimate businessmen. They deduct you at the end of the year."

The young lady was of course in error about her tax liability. The government has no scruples against getting its share of *any* earned income, including the wages of sin. To be sure, the Supreme Court has ruled that an embezzler is not required to pay a tax on his take because the money isn't really his after all. But an extortionist, it held later, may not make the same defense, nor may a taker of bribes. They've got to pay because, in a manner of speaking, they earned the money. The *payer* of a bribe, on the other hand, may not deduct it lawfully as a business expense. But the *Wall Street Journal* has advised in its tax column that corporations can get around that in foreign operations by setting up subsidiaries to handle the payoffs. Recently, moreover, the deduction of kickbacks has been allowed in certain fields where they are regarded as normal business practice. For the distinction between normal and abnormal practices, see your tax lawyer.

The quirks of tax morality would be more amusing but for the fact that taxes of all sorts now take roughly a quarter of the gross national product and are a palpable burden to every citizen. Even so, many state and local governments, not to mention the Federal government itself, are floundering in budgetary crises. The taxpayer can afford to pay more, one may argue; indeed he must if the nation is to meet its pressing needs. And yet last November he rejected one-third of the borrowings proposed for local school construction and other projects, and much of the remainder barely squeezed through. The breadwinner-taxpayer-voter is obviously dragging his feet. Of course people have been trying to get out of paying taxes ever since there were any, but something more than a simple reluctance to part with cash is involved in the present difficulties. Resentment at the inequities of the tax burden and contempt for the hypocrisy of the tax laws have become a serious national issue.

### Evasion and Avoidance

That call girl who was unwilling to report her income has at least one thing in common with millions of other citizens who are rewarded for their services on an individual basis rather than by salary: the government cannot tax her earnings at the source. The National Bureau of Economic Research has estimated conservatively that 30 per cent of the income of private entrepreneurs —doctors, gamblers, lawyers, call girls, butchers, con men, farmers, and free-lance writers—is not reported to Uncle Sam. The same applies to 61 per cent of interest paid on savings and 13 per cent of dividends. But not more than 5 per


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cent of salaries go unreported. Over the years, there have been proposals that income taxes be deducted from interest and dividends at the source, as they are on wages. But the suggestions have never gotten anywhere.

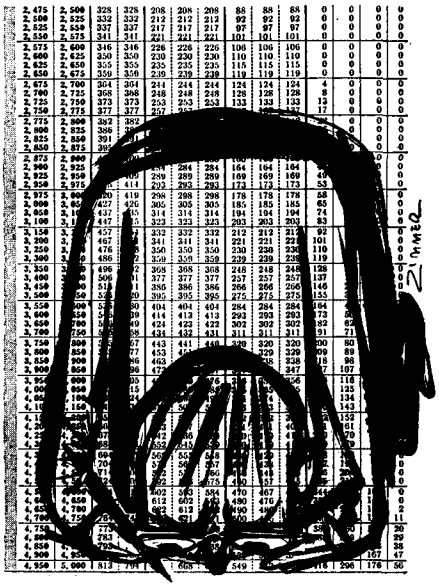
A certified public accountant helping a newspaperman friend prepare his tax return not long ago shook his head pityingly and said, "You chumps on salaries pay *all* the taxes." He did not mean to imply that the very rich lie in reporting their incomes; their returns are scrutinized too closely for that. But while, in the curious semantics of the tax specialist, the rich do not often *evade* taxes, they are able to *avoid* them to a degree only dimly realized by the general public. (Tax evasion, according to the latest practitioners' guide, is doing something that, if you get caught, will mean a fine or jail. Tax avoidance at worst comes to an honest disagreement with the Revenue Commissioner; if you lose, you just pay up what you owe, plus interest.)

In 1929, taxpayers with reported incomes above $100,000 paid two-thirds of total Federal income-tax revenues; in 1956, they paid roughly one-twentieth. For persons earning less than $10,000 the change has been just the reverse: in 1929, they paid less than one-twentieth of the income-tax revenues; in 1956 they paid two-thirds. Nearly five-sixths of the income tax now is levied upon the lowest, or 20 per cent, bracket.

It should be emphasized that this extraordinary shift in the tax burden reflects the enormous rise in government spending and in the numbers and prosperity of people within the below-$10,000 group. But in some measure it also reflects the increasing ability of the upper brackets to *avoid* taxes, coupled with the inability of the salary earners to *evade* them since the enactment in 1943 of the law establishing the withholding of 18 per cent of taxable income from wages.

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID about "confiscatory" taxes, and indeed the 91 per cent bite listed at the bottom of the tax table *is* confiscatory. But nobody actually pays 91 per cent of income. *Fortune* magazine has noted that in 1956 the Treasury took only about 37 per cent of full incomes above $200,000, where they theoretically enter the 91 per cent bracket. "The high-bracket tax situation," *Fortune* goes on, "has been likened to 'dipping deeply into great incomes with a sieve.' One sophisticated finance officer of a large corporation says he is amazed to hear that anyone pays more than sixty per cent of his total income; that anyone who does must do so 'just out of forgetfulness.'"

Of course, a few corporations pay high executives salaries that reach far up into the 91 per cent bracket —notably Bethlehem Steel and, in palmier days, the movie industry. But these must be considered harmless status symbols. The real compensation for executives these days lies in such tax-favored income as



the expense account, deferred payment plans, pensions, and options to buy company stock at less than the market price.

This last practice has developed a mythology that is accepted chiefly by financial writers and stock-exchange pamphleteers. Stock options are desirable, it is held, to nourish the loyalty of executives. Unfortunately, the reports required by the Securities and Exchange Commission on stock dealings of "insiders" give the impression that many beneficiaries lose no time in selling the shares thus acquired. A naïve R.C.A. stockholder once asked why Chairman David Sarnoff and President Frank Folsom had sold stock granted them under option, at a profit of more than half a million dollars, after holding the shares only the six months required to qualify for a long-term capital gain. Sarnoff explained that they had borrowed the money to buy the stock, and had to sell the stock to repay the loan.

Actually, in seeking income other than salary the executive is merely following the curious moral precepts of our tax system, which hold the earnings of work to be inferior to all other sources of income. A married man who makes $10,000 a year on a salaried job has to pay a higher tax than one who stays at home and collects an equal income in dividends and just as much as one who dabbles in real estate or other speculation and clears $20,000 of long-term capital gains. (In fact, the investor and the speculator have many more opportunities to claim business expenses and other legitimate deductions, and almost certainly would pay considerably less.) Furthermore, there is a premium for the man who speculates with other people's money, for he can deduct the interest paid on debt.

### The Swindle Sheet

Probably no aspect of our tax mores has received more attention in recent years than the expense account. In the *Yale Law Journal* last July, V. Henry Rothschild and Rudolf Sobernheim wrote that expense-account spending might be conservatively estimated at $5 billion a year, resulting in a tax loss to the Treasury of from $1 to $2 billion. Regarding the "loose use" of this money, they commented: "The Treasury is keenly aware of the problem, but its efforts at regulation have met with stubborn resistance, both from the luxury services sustained by the expense account and from the individuals who find the account essential to their accustomed standard of living." Last year the Treasury went so far as to order taxpayers to account for expenses in detail, but it beat an ignominious retreat under a storm of protest.

While the expense account gives many a salesman and junior executive a taste of the high life, it should not be concluded that it has an equalitarian effect. "A physician undoubtedly would be questioned if he chartered a plane for his trip to the A.M.A. convention and used a $300-



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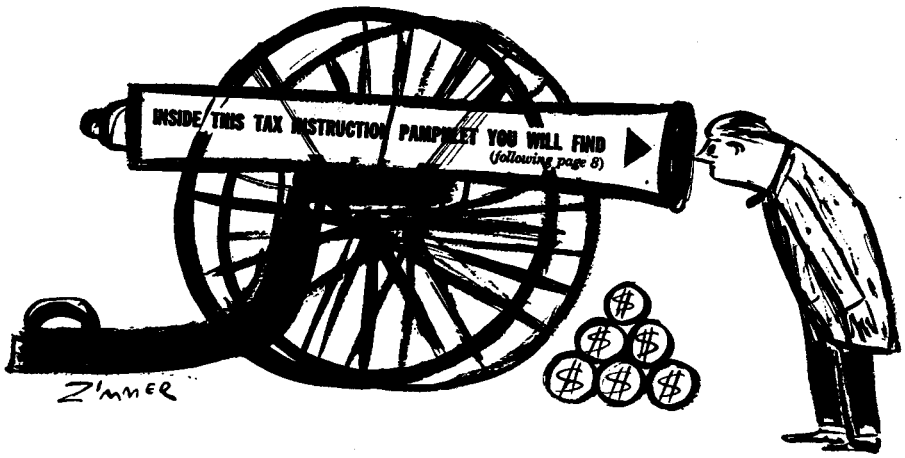
a-day executive suite at a luxury hotel," *U.S. News & World Report* has observed. "But the tax agents usually don't bat an eye when a big executive spends on that scale."

Speaking of conventions, it is a poor trade group these days that does not charter a cruise ship to the Caribbean for its annual business meeting. The J. I. Case Company last winter flew all of its dealers and their wives to the Bahamas to look at its tractors, made in Milwaukee. A doctor with any ingenuity now arranges his European vacation to coincide with a medical meeting.

Many companies award mass vacation trips to their dealers as "prizes" (cash rebates would be taxable), although more than one dealer has said he would rather take the cash and pay the tax. One, quoted in the *Wall Street Journal,* grumbled, "Who wants to spend his vacation with a lot of appliance dealers?"

Given the choice between a ten-dollar lunch and a ten-dollar bill, many salesmen would take the money and eat at the Automat—indeed, there is some suspicion that some




do just that. But legally the expense account does not permit such freedom. It has been observed that it gives the beneficiary a split-level existence: filet mignon on business and hamburger at home. Like other elements of the tax structure, it distorts the way of life of even those who get away with the most.

In one respect, at least, the expense account appears to have elevated our moral standards: a British observer has noted that a businessman used to take his secretary on a trip and say she was his wife; now, he takes his wife and says she is his secretary.

To its defenders, the expense account is a useful way of giving executives a standard of living they otherwise could not achieve under our tax structure. The difficulty here is that the tax benefits are limited rather capriciously to top executives, salesmen, entrepreneurs, and staff members of the advertising, TV, and public-relations fields. The great majority of citizens, who never see the inside of a posh club or sit down front at a hit musical, may feel that they are being discriminated against.

In any case, the thing is clearly getting out of hand when a court will rule, as in one case celebrated among tax practitioners, that the head of a dairy company and his wife might deduct the $17,000 cost of a safari to Africa because of the publicity value to the business. The *Yale Law Journal* article cited above recommended that misuse of the business-expense deduction be made subject to a cash penalty. But this would hardly stem the tide without a redefinition of "misuse."

A straightforward, drastic attack on the disease would be to bar *all* deductions for entertainment. It also would rule out club dues, town apartments, yachts, hunting lodges, executive dining rooms, and the private use of company cars, with or without chauffeurs. It would limit expenses on the road to a fixed per diem scale, such as some old-fashioned companies still impose on their lower employees. Any luxuries whatever would be considered compensation, and taxable. The increase in revenues would then be applied to reducing tax rates.

The suggestion is offered here without optimism. For one thing, its enactment into law would hit all congressmen in the pocketbook. For another, it would get the hotel, resort, and entertainment industries up in arms, as did even the Treasury's feeble effort at a checkup last year. (Is it really necessary for the U.S. Treasury to subsidize the Stork Club?) Further, it would seem to threaten the standard of living of hundreds of thousands of businessmen, executives, and salesmen. Doubtless if they had to spend their own money they would not make quite the same splash. But they might drink less and actually live better with lower tax rates and more control over their own money. And outlawing swindle sheets might do wonders for their immortal souls.

**Bread upon the Waters**

The erosion of public morality by the tax system is perhaps nowhere more apparent than in the area of charity. Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"; nowadays hardly any appeal for a worthy cause fails to add, "and it is tax-deductible, too." More and more, wealthy people are learning that it often actually pays to give.

Let us take a gentleman in the 60 per cent tax bracket, who five years ago picked up a nice little painting in Paris for $10,000. Today it is worth $20,000. If he were to die owning it, his estate would have to pay an inheritance tax. So he *gives* the painting to a museum, and deducts the full $20,000 value from his current income. Or he can give the picture in annual installments, according to his tax needs. (A Solomon must have thought that one up.) Or he may deduct one-third of a painting's value by arranging to let a museum have it for four months of the year, thus perhaps saving storage and insurance costs while he is away during the summer, and keep it right up on his own wall the rest of the year. Who said you can't eat your cake and have it too?

Similarly, one may give stocks or bonds to a charitable organization or school, deducting a substantial amount from present income but retaining the interest or dividends on the securities for life—and for the lifetime of an heir as well. The Research Institute of America, commending this device to upper-



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bracket clients, remarks that in this way they may not only increase their after-tax income but also "obtain the immediate personal satisfaction and community respect that comes with a present rather than a post-mortem gift."

A number of colleges and church groups have banded together to promote a give-us-the-securities-you-keep-the-income campaign. There is a kind of admirable farsightedness and selflessness about this business of raiding the Treasury today for benefits that only future generations will be able to enjoy. It compensates a little for the national debt that we are leaving to those generations.

WHATEVER IT SIGNIFIES about human nature, the tax code clearly has been a windfall for philanthropy. According to a study published last month, donations to colleges alone soared from $50 million in the 1943-1944 school year to $411 million in 1957-1958. Foundations have proliferated like rabbits, and for many of them the chief preoccupation has been how to get rid of money. Organizations have sprung up to combat various diseases (and in at least one case, two organizations are bitterly contesting the same disease and each other). Museums large and small, all over the country, have been enjoying a stream of gifts of works they could never before even dream of owning.

In donating contemporary art, the philanthropist may easily contrive to clear more money than the artist. Recently, the revenue men have been ungraciously demanding evidence of a market value for the gift, but appraisals are still bound to be on the generous side. A whisper is heard of one big taxpayer who made a package deal in a casual conversation over a dinner table. He bought $30,000 worth of art, which was donated to a string of small museums at a valuation upward of $70,000, which he deducted from income at a substantial profit. He never saw the pictures, but he may drop in on one or another museum some time with a friend to admire his gift and the plaque acknowledging it. No museum has ever listed the Treasury as a co-donor.

On the contrary, many institutions have lost all inhibitions about raiding the government till. A number of charities, for example, employ a direct tax appeal to collect used clothing, cars, furniture, and junk of all kinds, which they sell, well aware that the deduction for tax purposes is far greater than the money they actually receive. One New York clothing chain, noted for its sincere-type advertising, invites taxpayers to turn in their old dinner jackets. The store provides without charge a signed appraisal for tax purposes, gives the clothing to charity, and stands quietly available if the taxpayer wants to buy new evening clothes.

The director of a great missionary organization, which ships a great deal of used clothing overseas (though presumably not dinner jackets), was asked the other day how tax avoidance squared with religion. "We are quite sensitive to the problem," he replied. "We live with it every day. And at the end of the year, we get that flood of contributions with carefully worded letters," the accountants having told their clients how much to give to the Lord. He had no proposal for a solution.

A national spokesman for a leading Protestant denomination defended the deduction as a perfectly legitimate decision of society to divert up to 30 per cent of income to charity, education, and religion, thus preserving privately directed social activities in the era of the welfare state. (To be sure, those who do not choose to give must assume part of the tax burden of those who do give.) But he was concerned about quite another aspect—the exemption of churches themselves from income, property, and business taxes on nonreligious ventures. A worldly member of his board of trustees, being apprised of this exemption recently, said, "Why, if I had known that a few years ago, we would own the oil industry now." But the churchman did not want to own the oil industry. Rich men die and leave much of their wealth to churches, he pointed out, "but churches never die—ultimately, they could own everything." Before that happened, he could foresee state intervention.

### Everybody's Doing It

The social acceptability of raiding the Treasury is demonstrated by a common gimmick in the field of so-called municipal bonds. The billions of interest paid each year by state and local governments are exempt from income tax for the bondholder. This generous (not to say incomprehensible) treatment is accorded by the Federal government to make it easier and cheaper for the localities to borrow. In gratitude, they frequently conspire with the bond marketers to do the Treasury out of even more tax income.

Thus, a part of the bond issue will carry an abnormally high interest rate, which is offset by a price above the face value of the bond. Now the bond house, or a favored customer who buys such a bond, will report a deductible loss when it comes due,


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since the face value is less than the price paid for it. Actually, the holder will have received an exorbitant interest payment, entirely exempt from the Federal income tax. The loss is quite fictitious but entirely legal.

The Treasury tried to narrow this loophole by denying the "loss" to dealers who held the bonds themselves for more than a month. But how could it stop a dealer from selling a packet of bonds to another dealer, who might sell him a similar packet?

It would obviously be cheaper as well as more honest for Congress to subsidize directly any activity it wants to help, but it has always found it easier to grant tax exemptions. Exemptions are noticed chiefly by those who take advantage of them; subsidies show up in appropriations. The budget debate rages about deficit spending, never about deficit taxation. Has anybody asked why income-tax revenues have failed to grow as fast as income?

The answer is that every time Congress is persuaded to block one unintended loophole, it opens three or four more in order to "eliminate inequities"—or give someone a tax break. Last year, for example, Congress spurned all efforts to lower taxes as an anti-recession measure. Yet Congress also voted a special and rapid depreciation provision for "small business" that removed huge amounts of income from the tax rolls, eased the deduction of present losses from past years' profits, increased the tax-exempt reserves that corporations may set aside from earnings, made easier the formation of "collapsible" corporations—a form of alchemy that turns income into capital gains—and approved the formation of new private investment companies that will get *both* government subsidies and tax exemptions. And that was a relatively inactive year in the matter of exemptions.

ONE MIGHT SUPPOSE that tax practitioners would be the last to object to a system of such wild complexity that the courts themselves are perpetually engaged in wrangles over what it means and a deduction is frequently legal in one judicial district and outlawed in others. But J. S. Seidman, delivering a committee report of the American Institute of C.P.A.s back in 1956, denounced all one thousand pages of the Federal tax code as a crazy quilt of exceptions, exemptions, deductions, and special provisions, many so abstruse that the legislators who adopt them seldom know what they're about.

If one hundred "special provisions" in the code were eliminated, Seidman figured, tax rates could be cut by one-third. The brackets then would run from 13 to 61 per cent, instead of from 20 to 91 per cent.

One thing virtually all the special provisions have in common is that however reasonable or meritorious they may seem, they help the upper-bracket taxpayer most and do little or nothing for the low-income group. Take the case of the joint return: a man earning a net taxable income of $4,000 saves $40, while one earning $200,000 saves $22,180. And then there is the exemption for interest paid on debt. Here the tax code appears to be saying that only fools pay cash. It favors the mortgagee as against the tenant or the man so old-fashioned as to own his home outright. And people in the upper brackets have found it profitable to borrow money to buy insurance and annuities, the tax deductions on the interest paying much of the cost of the premiums. In effect, Uncle Sam pays their insurance bills.

### Pity the Poor Wildcatter

The most notorious of the loopholes deliberately created by Congress is the oil-depletion allowance. All business is, of course, permitted to deduct from income the depreciation, or using up, of its assets; in the mineral field this is called depletion. The allowance varies among minerals (even oyster shells are now eligible), but an oil producer may subtract 27.5 per cent of his gross income. A well may easily repay its investment within a couple of years, but the allowance goes on as long as it yields oil, which may be for a generation or two. An indication of the sums involved was contained in the report by the Venezuelan government that its oil industry, largely U.S.-owned, cleared a net income after taxes of $829,500,000 in 1957, a return of 32.5 per cent on its investment in a single year.

Practically nobody, even in the financial journals, defends the 27.5 per cent depletion rate—except, of course, the oil men themselves. Like so many other advocates of more or less noble causes, they raise the banner of national defense. Only a generous incentive, they argue, will keep the thousands of independent little wildcatters drilling and thus maintain the nation's oil industry in a posture of readiness. Yet of the $2 billion of depletion claimed in 1953, J. S. Seidman reported, companies with more than $100 million of assets accounted for 63 per cent. Companies with less than $100,000 accounted for 4 per cent.

Over the years, many a congressman seeking to strengthen the government revenues has wistfully eyed the depletion loss. But with both houses firmly guided by Texans, the fund raisers have been obliged to look elsewhere. On this rock have foundered all proposals for tax relief for lower incomes. The *Wall Street Journal* once reported that Speaker Sam Rayburn had been asked how he reconciled his opposition to a tax cut with the Democratic Party platform, which had promised to raise the personal exemption from $600 to $800. Mr. Rayburn frowned, then chuckled and replied: "I didn't write all that platform myself."

CONGRESS has given to all business a little of the same treatment it has accorded the oil industry by speeding up the period of depreciation. Here as in so many cases, the taxpayer and tax collector play a game of let's pretend. They pretend that a plant, machine, or apartment house wears out in, say, five or eight or twenty years, when actually it has a useful life of fifteen, twenty, or fifty years. Each year the owner deducts the fictitious rate of depreciation from income. In theory this merely postpones taxes, since when the item is fully depreciated the deductions halt. But meanwhile the government loses the use of the tax money, and must borrow it elsewhere. During and after the Korean War, the privilege of unusually rapid write-offs was extended to roughly $35 billion of investments, some of them connected with defense only by the exercise of a supple imagination. It is estimated that the


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Treasury lost $3 to $5 billion on this program just in the interest it paid on the money it had to borrow.

But that is by no means the whole story. Once an investment is fully depreciated, it may be sold—frequently, in these inflationary times, at a higher price than was originally paid for it. The original owner then pays, at maximum, a 25 per cent capital-gains tax on the profit. The second owner begins to depreciate his purchase all over again—at a higher cost basis. The miracle of the loaves and fishes has been brought up to date.

YEARS AGO some clever chap figured out another amiable fiction that has bled the Treasury out of billions. His client, let us assume, sold turpentine from a large storage tank, which he replenished from time to time. Prices had been rising for years and seemed destined to rise indefinitely. The tax adviser thought it would be helpful, "tax-wise," if every time his client sold turpentine the very last batch he had bought—and therefore the costliest—happened to come out of the spigot. The profit on the sale thus would be smaller.

This, said a professor later in the *Journal of Accountancy,* is "an assault on common sense." Physically, it couldn't be done. But in tax accounting, it was done. "My client has some of the oldest turpentine in Georgia," an accountant once told me.

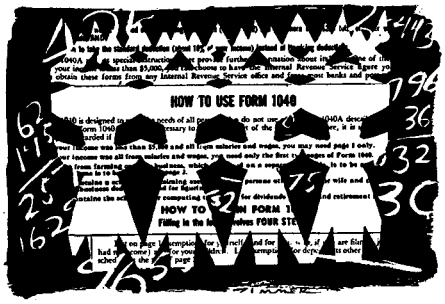
This method of inventory accounting is called LIFO (last in, first out), to distinguish it from FIFO (first in, first out). One oil company told its stockholders that it saved $12 million the year it switched from FIFO to LIFO.

It was a great day in retailing when department stores won the right to apply LIFO to their inventories—preposterous as it may be to assume that stores are keeping goods for years when actually they try to turn over their stocks a dozen times a year. R. H. Macy & Co. even tried to apply LIFO *retroactively,* and persuaded one court to go along, but lost on an appeal by the government. Had it won, it is estimated that the department-store industry would have collected a billion dollars in tax refunds.

There is a theoretical drawback to LIFO. If a decline in prices were to set in, LIFO would increase taxable profits rather than decrease them. But in that event, there might not be any profits to pay taxes on anyway, and furthermore, there is little doubt that the Treasury or Congress would permit the taxpayer to switch back to FIFO.

### Now You See It . . .

Where taxes are concerned, said Judge Learned Hand in a famous opinion, if it is legal it is not immoral. In fact, the aim of most avoidance devices and tax-relief measures is to conceal the honest origin of funds—i.e., to pretend that




the taxpayer did not get the money for services rendered. Thus the film star forms a corporation and pretends to be a speculator rather than an actor. An honest profit, like an honest wage, is penalized under the law; hence it must be postponed, renamed, turned into a capital gain, or made to vanish entirely. These goals may be achieved in a number of ways, of which the following are no more than a small sampling:

¶ A company or individual may set up a corporation in a tax-free haven abroad, which may keep its profits from exports and other foreign operations intact until the firm is liquidated and the profits brought home as capital gains. A *Wall Street Journal* reporter recently encountered subsidiaries of many such taxpayers as U.S. Steel and Bethlehem in the sunny Bahamas. Most of them were close-mouthed about what they were doing there.

¶ Within certain limits one can also organize a separate corporation for each aspect of a business operation, each corporation paying the reduced rate on the first $25,000 of income. Some of the profits may be carried over as reserves until liquidation, when they become capital gains.

¶ One may give stock to members of one's family, and set up multiple trusts to get out of the high brackets, both in this life and in the hereafter. Through various means, a business may be made to support one's poor relations without the money ever passing through the donor's hands and thus being taxed.

¶ As Sylvia Porter advised recently in the New York *Post*: "Make sure to investigate the possibility of organizing a corporation which elects NOT to be taxed as a corporation—the so-called 'pseudo-corporation.'" Among the many incentives, she points out, is that an owner can become his own employee and set up various fringe benefits, such as pension plans, tax free.

ONE PENALTY of doing business under a tax system based on legal fictions is that it becomes difficult to tell what is truth. One company may be reporting a loss and actually be thriving. Another may be reporting a profit but wasting away its assets. Only the expert knows. Keeping two sets of books is no longer evidence of fraud. Some railroads legally keep at least three: one for the ICC and rate proceedings, one for the tax collector, and one for the board of directors to know what's really going on.

What this does to statistics may be imagined. How can one tell whether to buy or sell a stock, whether the money supply should be tightened or eased, whether prices and wages are too low or too high, what the outlook is for sales and for plant investment—in short, what our private and public economic policies should be—if we keep changing the rules to permit the concealment of income from the tax collector? Economic data have far too wide a margin of error to begin with; using them now is like piloting a ship into port at night while somebody keeps shifting the beacons.

In sum, a tax system based on hypocrisy, listing unconscionably high levies on upper incomes but actually leaning more and more heavily upon the consumer and salary earner, presents a number of strictly economic problems—as well as the obvious moral ones.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# 'We Must Stop Poisoning the Air'

***A new proposal for agreement with the Russians on ending fallout from nuclear tests***

SENATOR FRANK CHURCH

THE NEGOTIATIONS in Geneva to end all further tests of nuclear weapons, launched with such high expectations last October, froze with the Alpine winter. Now, after an Easter recess, the negotiators of the United States, the United Kingdom, and the Soviet Union are resuming the talks. Soon the spring will turn Switzerland green again, but in Geneva there seems to be little promise for a thaw at the conference table.

We went to Geneva in good faith and with stout hope. We sought an agreement among the three nuclear powers by which the signatories should agree to suspend all further nuclear tests within the framework of a trustworthy international system of detection and control to safeguard against covert violations. At an earlier conference in Geneva last summer, the scientists of all three countries had agreed upon the structure of the technical detection system required. Thus a blueprint had been furnished in advance.

But from the beginning the Russian negotiators have stubbornly put forward impossible demands. They insist upon a veto over the operation of the proposed international control commission; they demand that the requisite control posts on Russian soil be operated by Russian nationals; they call for endless red tape that would frustrate timely action by the commission in dispatching mobile teams for on-site investigations of subterranean disturbances suspected of being nuclear in origin.

It is well to remember that the Russians were a suspicious people long before the Communists came to power. The Czars maintained their own Iron Curtain. Khrushchev may be exhibiting this age-old habit of suspicion when he charges that we really want "military reconnaissance" of his country in the guise of roving inspection teams probing into the remote corners of Russia to check on every earthquake. But whether deceitful or sincere, this Russian obstinacy has proved an effective barrier to the agreement sought at Geneva. Present methods of detection seem to require that on-site inspections be carried out if the ban is to cover all underground tests, including those within the one- to twenty-kiloton range.

Although Russians are clearly to blame for the deadlock that now grips the Geneva negotiations, there are nevertheless those in high station at the Pentagon and in the AEC who are quietly applauding. The Soviets' mulishness, they feel, serves them right, while it serves us well. Given our country's increasing dependence upon nuclear weapons, both for deterrence and defense, they argue that more tests are needed to refine our atomic warheads and to chart new discoveries in antimissilery. From the outset, these men have not approved of our journey to Geneva. They hail the Russian stubbornness as providential, offering us an honorable exit to walk the road back.

Now it is true that the results of the latest tests, conducted underground and in outer space, tend to support the argument that an all-inclusive test ban might impede the progress of our weaponry. It follows, of course, that the military interests of the Soviet Union are affected in a like manner, and I have little doubt that the Soviet generals are saying so. Thus the pressures mount, on either side, to let the conference die.

### Generations Yet Unborn

Yet men of good conscience everywhere are deeply troubled at the prospect of failure at Geneva. Our most fundamental instincts tell us that we must stop poisoning the air. It is life's element. If nuclear tests continue unabated, we shall seed the air with ever-mounting quantities of strontium 90, carbon 14, and cesium 137, to sift silently and relentlessly down upon us. This invisible rain, latest disclosures show, is falling faster and more lethally than we have heretofore been led to believe.



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Some samples of Minnesota wheat have carried radioactive levels approaching the "permissible maximum," while certain Dakota milk has shown contamination as high as forty per cent of the "tolerable limit." Actually, these so-called "maximums" are hardly safe. The best scientific estimates hold that if strontium 90 alone reaches the designated "permissible" limit in the human body, it could increase the incidence of leukemia by more than twenty per cent. And the effect of this level of radioactivity on the incidence of other diseases would have to be added to this toll. Indeed, we cannot even calculate the extent of its grotesque effect upon generations yet unborn. It is therefore imperative that the Geneva conference not be forsaken while any hope remains for a meaningful agreement.

Is there a way to break the stalemate? Certainly we must try; and there is considerable feeling in the Senate that we have not been trying hard enough. Senator Hubert Humphrey, chairman of the Disarmament subcommittee of the Senate, has done much to alert the country to the significance of the Geneva negotiations as a key to the larger problem of disarmament itself. Senator Albert Gore has spoken up from the depth of his conviction that the United States bears a special responsibility, as the nation that first unleashed the atom and let fall the only two atomic bombs ever detonated in war. He has proposed that the United States unilaterally declare a three-year moratorium on nuclear tests in the earth's atmosphere, while reserving to ourselves the right to continue testing underground and in outer space. The eloquence of these two men, together with the smoldering indignation of Senator Clinton Anderson, chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, has deeply affected the Senate.

For my own part, I have been moved to study closely the dilemma at Geneva, and I have concluded that there is still hope of salvaging something of value, for humanity's sake, at the conference table. In this eleventh hour, I have proposed that the United States and the United Kingdom seek agreement with the Soviet Union to suspend all nuclear weapons tests in the earth's atmosphere, conditioned upon a workable international control system adequate to detect and report any violation. Such a proposal would exclude, for the present, any agreement involving suspension of nuclear tests occurring underground or in outer space, neither of which contributes to the pollution of the air.

### It Could Be a Beginning

Such a ban on atmospheric tests would abruptly end the further poisoning of the air. This grave anxiety would be erased from among the apprehensions of our distraught world. Moreover, a first international apparatus would be established in the field of nuclear test controls. It would be a functioning harness within which to bind not only the present members of the "nuclear club" but also the oncoming nations that are fast developing atomic technologies of their own. In the accomplishment of this objective, the negotiating parties at Geneva share a common interest.

We must not lose sight of what such a breakthrough in creating an international control system might portend for our atomic age. It is the *sine qua non* for any meaningful progress toward future goals of prevention of surprise attack and of disarmament. Moreover, successful operation of such a control system might easily pave the way for its expansion to embrace a broader test ban, of the kind we have been seeking at Geneva, encompassing all types of nuclear tests in space and underground.

Is there any real chance the Soviets will accept a properly policed ban on atmospheric tests? We cannot know, of course, unless we put the proposal to them. But there is at least ground for hope.

The fact that atmospheric explosions can be monitored largely from fixed control stations, eliminating the need for on-site investigations, should allay any genuine fears the Russians may have about roving foreign reconnaissance within their country. On the other hand, if their fears are simulated, what better way could we find to expose them than by offering an international detection and control system that can safely end the slow pollution of the atmosphere without possibly doing them any internal mischief?

In addition, an atmospheric test ban could not jeopardize the military interests of either side. Outer space and the depths of the earth offer ample laboratories for further experimentation, should more be needed or wanted.

Of course it may be the Russians will rebuff this proposal, and all others that might be acceptable to the United Kingdom and the United States. If so, Russia will have forced us to take the grim road back from Geneva. But then, at least, we could walk that road without shame, knowing we had done our utmost to avoid it.

It will be an eternal burden upon our conscience if we do less.

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# The Revenge Of the Fourth Republic

**EDMOND TAYLOR**

PARIS

ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL contributions to the public self-criticism that the leaders of political Gaullism have been conducting since their setback in last month's municipal elections was made by an independent journalist named Pierre Sandahl, who edits a left-wing Gaullist weekly newsletter. He suggests that there may be a correlation between the apparent decline of the Union for the New Republic and the emergence of two new folk heroes in the Fifth Republic, who are known to their millions of TV admirers as the White Angel and the Bethune Executioner. They are professional wrestlers. The Angel, who was the first in the field, captured the public imagination by operating in the ring masked by a white cowl with eye slits and by revealing through his press agent that he had a special mission to chastise evildoers. Lately, however, his popularity has been topped by that of an upstart rival, the Executioner, who wears a black cowl and has a more specialized though equally purificatory mission. His designated victims are the cheats and tricksters of the mat; his adversaries almost invariably resort to unethical practices at his expense and are instantly punished by being put to sleep with a secret hold that even the most alert TV cameramen have never been able to film.

"Does this phenomenon indicate that the French people would like to see the evildoers and the cheats punished?" asked editor Sandahl in postelectoral commentary. "After careful reflection some of us have concluded that it does."

THE IMPLIED ANALOGY between the fate of the "cheaters" pinned to the mat by the Bethune Executioner and the U.N.R.'s electoral discomfiture may be more unflattering than the facts justify, but the castigatory mood of the French electorate seems evident. While the trend of the municipal elections does not necessarily indicate a generalized revolt against the leadership of President Charles de Gaulle, it does suggest a belated repudiation of the May 13 Algiers conspiracy that brought him to power, and represents a kind of posthumous vengeance of the Fourth Republic upon its assassins.

This implication of the election results is far more significant than the Communist comeback or the Popular Front trend among some Socialist candidates that startled many foreign observers. The Communist recovery from the debacle of last November's national elections was real enough. When government statisticians, by an extraordinarily crude piece of mathematical legerdemain, tried to demonstrate that the Communists' percentage of the total vote showed a slight decline from the municipal elections of 1953, the general outburst of derision forced the government to correct its arithmetic and admit that the party, with 16.3 per cent of the popular vote, was actually up very slightly over 1953. Even this fails to indicate the true Communist voting strength in the country, since no Communist candidates were entered in 9,000 local contests. But the Communist resurgence was only one facet of a widespread return to the voting patterns of the Fourth Republic; the comeback of the Center was if anything more pronounced than that of the extreme Left, at least in terms of seats won.

Though the government's tabulation credits the centrist ticket of the Socialists with only 52,145 municipal seats (a loss of 6,237 since 1953), and shows the Radicals with 39,405 seats (a loss of 9,391), independent French analysts are convinced that a great many of the 43,893 candidates elected under various local (apolitical) labels actually belong to traditional parties or groups of the Center and Center-Left. Of the more than 460,000 municipal councilors elected, a good 120,000 are Radicals or unaffiliated centrists; and adding to them the Catholic M.R.P., the Socialists, and the more moderate rightist councilors, one gets a bloc of at least 250,000—a result that compares favorably with returns in similar elections under the Fourth Republic.

As for the U.N.R., it shows in the official statistics a paper gain of more than 5,000 seats over the total won by its predecessor, the Gaullist Rally of the French People, in 1953. But the meaning of this advance, from a point very near the all-time Gaullist low-water mark, changes radically when one compares the present U.N.R. strength with that of more traditional French parties. With some 22,000 municipal seats,


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the U.N.R. has less than half the municipal representation of the Socialists, only a shade more than half that of the supposedly extinct Radicals, not even 2,000 more than the Communists. In fact, the U.N.R., which overshadows the National Assembly with some 200 seats, is now less well represented in the village and town halls of the nation than the Mendésist Union of Democratic Forces and the allied splinter groups of the Left.

Even more significant than the success of electoral tickets reflecting the spirit of the Fourth rather than of the Fifth Republic was the reversal of the anti-parliamentary current that last November swept away so many notables of the old régime. "It is striking to observe how many deputies beaten in November revenged themselves upon adversaries who were trying to capture their seats as mayors after having taken away their seats in parliament," noted Jacques Fauvet, chief political expert of *Le Monde*. "On March 15 it was preferable not to be a new man."

Among the prominent beneficiaries of the trend were former Premier Edgar Faure, former Minister of Justice François Mitterand, and Gaston Defferre, the Socialist mayor of Marseilles, all of whom had lost their seats as deputies last November. Former Premier Pierre Mendès-France—who is more and more widely recognized as the chief of the liberal opposition—did not run this time in his Norman fief of Louviers, where he lost his seat as deputy in November to a political newcomer; but the candidate he endorsed for the municipal council won easily.

Conversely, several leaders of the U.N.R. sweep in November ran into unpleasant surprises. Minister Delegate to the Premier Jacques Soustelle, the U.N.R.'s dominant figure and chief of its nationalist wing, who played a major role in the drama of May 13, was re-elected as a municipal councilor in Lyons but failed spectacularly in his much-publicized drive to win the seat as mayor long held by the late Edouard Herriot. The U.N.R. ticket headed by him rolled up only 32,000 votes as against some 54,000 in November, and came in third behind the centrists and Communists. In the nearby industrial center of Saint-Etienne, another noted May 13 "activist," Lucien Neuwirth, who had been triumphantly elected to the National Assembly last fall, went down to defeat. In Bayonne the famous Colonel Jean Thomazo, known as "Leathernose," one of the key figures of the Algiers military junta that staged the May 13 coup and the leader of the Corsican insurrection, was also beaten.

The defeats of Soustelle and Thomazo help shed some light on the reasons for the general failure of the U.N.R. to hold the ground won earlier. Undoubtedly the incipient economic depression in France and popular resentment over the government's economic program were major factors. They account in particular for the loss of nearly 1,500,000 former Communist votes won by the U.N.R. in November; these have now returned to their old political

persuasion. General de Gaulle's withdrawal to the impartial aloofness of the Elysée Palace has also probably weakened the "Party of Fidelity" which had exploited the magic of his name so effectively. But it does not seem entirely accidental that many prominent U.N.R. victims are noted more for their nationalist activism than for their unconditional loyalty to de Gaulle.

According to the Mendésist weekly *L'Express*, when General de Gaulle last December was shown the list of some two hundred U.N.R. candidates who had won seats in the National Assembly, he went over it pencil in hand to see how many he recognized as Gaullists whom he could count on. "I find forty-eight," he is reported to have told an aide. Whether or not the General included Soustelle in the forty-eight, it is virtually certain that he did not include Colonel Thomazo, whose young extremist followers—in the presence of their chief—staged a noisy anti-de Gaulle demonstration when the president visited the Basque country a few weeks ago. For that matter, the whole U.N.R. group in the National Assembly, defying de Gaulle's known views on the Algerian problem, closed the short session of parliament in February by voting a resolution in favor of "integration" that drew a formal presidential rebuke. It seems possible that such disregard of their great leader's publicly expressed wishes may have had something to do with the U.N.R. candidates' electoral setback—all the more so since a public-opinion poll reveals that sixty-three per cent of the French people favor efforts to negotiate peace in Algeria.

Thus the outcome of the municipal elections, though it unquestionably reflects considerable discontent with some of de Gaulle's policies, paradoxically strengthens his hand with respect to his own followers. It is easy to imagine what would happen to the U.N.R. if the president, using his constitutional powers, should some day dissolve the National Assembly and order new elections because of a policy conflict between himself and "the party of Gaullist fidelity." At the same time, the municipal elections have slightly eased the strain on the institutions of the Fifth Republic resulting from the lopsided nationalist-rightist majority in the National Assembly, by assuring a more even balance of power in the new senate to be elected this month (municipal councilors are the most important electors).

### Duplicity and Scandal

A psychological factor that is hard to evaluate but that may have been extremely important in launching the anti-May 13 trend is the public reaction to the recent spate of revelations about the origins of the Gaullist coup. Thanks to a number of frank memoirs or exposés on the subject—the one with the biggest impact has been *Les 13 Complots du 13 Mai* by Serge and Merry Bromberger, a sensational but well-docu-



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mented reconstruction—the French people have learned that the breakdown of republican institutions which appeared to justify General de Gaulle's return to power was somewhat less spontaneous than they had imagined. The revolutionary tradition of modern France and the immediate heritage of the wartime Resistance have rendered the French less sensitive than most democratic peoples about such peccadilloes as conspiring to overthrow a legal government, but the sheer volume of duplicity inherent in the conspiratorial activity of last May seems to have come as something of a shock. Many prominent "activists" of the movement were conspiring not merely against the régime but against their immediate chiefs or colleagues. Some present-day Gaullists were actively intriguing to block the general's return to power, while others, faithful in their fashion, were patently trying to force their leader's hand or to exploit his prestige for ends that he did not always approve. Conversely, a number of sincere revolutionaries have learned with indignation how they were gently cozened away from the barricades and up the garden path of a new parliamentary "system," virtually indistinguishable from the old one, by Gaullist comrades whose extremist ardor had once seemed as great as their own. All this has left a dusty taste in the public's mouth, especially since the historical revelations have coincided in time—and occasionally in other ways—with the sexual, financial, and political scandals (e.g., *l'affaire* Lacaze) that have lately been disturbing the French.

The same psychological factors that help account for the poor electoral showing of the U.N.R. have generated serious tensions within the Gaullist movement itself; naturally the setback in the municipal elections aggravates these internal stresses. "Activist" and extremist elements that have never displayed much enthusiasm for the concept of the U.N.R. as a democratic mass party are now tending to drift away from it. The leading spokesmen of this trend in the top leadership of the U.N.R. itself are Léon Delbecque, a leading artisan of the May 13 coup, and Mme. Marie-Madeleine Fourcade, a well-known

Resistance heroine. But the most significant foci of Gaullist anti-parliamentary feeling are naturally now outside the party, though they may exercise considerable influence over some of its membership.

On the far Right the frontier is blurry between the most authoritarian Gaullists and the anti-de Gaulle "activists" of the May 13 conspiracy, many of whom are now reported to be planning for an eventual new "May 13" against the Fifth Republic under a Secret Committee of Six in Algiers. Nominally loyal to de Gaulle, but hostile to many aspects of the régime he has set up and sympathetic to the military extremists, are several clandestine or semi-clandestine groups, one of which was recently found to be distributing arms to local cells.

### Loyal and Diverse

The most significant extraparliamentary Gaullist movements, however, are those that have developed around General René Cogny, former French commander in Indo-China, and André Dewavrin, a Paris banker who once headed the wartime Free French secret services under the name of Colonel Passy. General Cogny is the sponsor of a group of young intellectuals and men of action, several of them civil servants, who combine an extreme form of nationalism with a left-wing social orientation reminiscent of Gregor Strasser's "national Communism" in prewar Germany. The ideology is said to have considerable appeal among the junior officers of the French army in Algeria. Dewavrin, who was one of the successful Gaullist candidates in the municipal elections, seems to have a slightly more conservative and technocratic approach. He denies any anti-democratic bias, but envisages the possibility that popular controls on government might be exercised through other than parliamentary channels.

A somewhat less heterodox version of left-wing Gaullism is developing largely outside the U.N.R. around a nucleus of Gaullist intellectuals including former Senator Louis Vallon, Yvon Morandat, and Léo Hamon, who in the old R.P.F. days were close to André Malraux and Minister of Justice Edmond Michelet. (Michelet is on the top executive committee of the U.N.R., but Malraux has held himself aloof from the party.) The aim of the group is reported to be the relaunching—under the name of the Democratic Union—of the separate left-wing Gaullist party that faded out in the November elections. Relations between this faction and their colleagues in the U.N.R. were illustrated by a comment Vallon is reported to have made recently to de Gaulle: "The tidal wave that swept you into the presidency is Gaullism. The U.N.R. is merely the scum on it."

This ideological fermentation, not to say chaos, appears to be equally evident inside the U.N.R., and may foreshadow a split or series of splits in the party. The various Gaullist organizations that merged last fall to create the U.N.R. have not as yet become a true political party like the Socialist, Communist, or even Radical Parties, and the organization's leadership is able to maintain only a precarious equilibrium among conflicting factions and tendencies. Its key figures have little in common except their background of personal attachment to de Gaulle, and even that is not uniform. Michelet combines unconditional loyalty to de Gaulle with a strong leftist-Catholic liberalism. Premier Michel Debré is equally loyal to the general but has a pronounced nationalist-conservative orientation, with some technocratic leanings. President of the Assembly Jacques Chaban-Del-



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mas, an elegant and debonair figure who at forty-four is the fourth-ranking personage of the Fifth Republic, has a genius for compromise and moderation thoroughly in keeping with his former Radical Socialist background. Albin Chalandon, the chief U.N.R. economic theorist, who succeeded Minister of Information Roger Frey as secretary-general of the party, has tried to exploit its setback in the municipal elections to combat the deflationary economic policies of Finance Minister Antoine Pinay, which Premier Debré supports. "In a period dominated by economic and social problems, the Communist comeback should furnish the government some useful lessons," he remarked waspishly in a post electoral communiqué which conflicted strikingly with the efforts of several of his U.N.R. colleagues in the government to deny that there had been any such comeback.

Opposition leader Mendès-France naturally has a rather different remedy. "Why not simply admit," he wrote recently, "that the electorate begins to realize the Fifth Republic is only a continuation of the Fourth in its worst aspects . . .?"

There are moments when even the objective bystander is tempted to share this gloomy view. Judging from my own experience, the best antidote to it is to talk with some of the serious-minded young U.N.R. deputies rather than with their bosses.

"I was anti-parliamentary under the Fourth Republic," Joel Le Tac, a former newspaperman who is now U.N.R. deputy for Montmartre, told me recently. "But we've got a new kind of parliament now, and I think we in the U.N.R. have a high responsibility to restore the dignity and prestige of the parliamentary function. As far as I am concerned, I take my job seriously and I don't think this is the time for the wisecracks and demagoguery you still hear from some of my right-wing colleagues."

Possibly Le Tac's is a voice crying in the Gaullist wilderness, but the fact that his ticket in the municipal elections was one of the few U.N.R. ones that actually increased its vote over last November may be of some significance.

# The Due Processing Of Asbury Howard

**JEFFREY E. FULLER**

Many of Asbury Howard's white neighbors in Bessemer, Alabama, have looked on him for some years as what they call an "uppity Nigra." At fifty-two, Howard is a massive man, close to six feet tall and weighing—at least he did when he began serving a six-month sentence on a prison road gang a few weeks ago—about two hundred and fifty pounds. Although his pigmentation, as black as one ever sees among Negroes, would seem to preclude his being elected to public office in Alabama in the near future, Howard speaks with the vocabulary and hearty tone employed by many Southern politicians. He has never been known to affect a "yassuh boss" subservience in order to conceal the good-humored self-confidence he derives from his position as a successful businessman and a recognized leader of his community.

As an independent gas-station operator, Howard is not dependent on a white employer for his livelihood. When he was first arrested, he said that his customers, black and white, were sticking with him and that business was actually better than before. For nearly three decades Howard was superintendent of the Starlight Baptist Church's Sunday school and he has been for many years a member of its board of deacons. His son, Asbury, Jr., after serving in Korea as sergeant first class, came home and graduated from Morehouse College in Atlanta; his daughter, Cleopatra, is now a student at Howard University in Washington, D. C. Although some of these biographical facts may provide clues as to why Asbury Howard was arrested, they were not, of course, mentioned in the official charges against him.

Bessemer is a steel town near Birmingham, in an area where the usual social tensions are further inflamed by the competition for industrial employment. Howard, who has long been active in the labor movement, now serves as eastern vice-president of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. In 1950 this union was ousted by the CIO as Communist-dominated, but even that fact has no specific bearing on the Howard case.

We are certainly getting closer to the reason for Howard's arrest, however, when we discover that he was vice-president of the N.A.A.C.P.'s Bessemer branch until it (and the N.A.A.C.P. throughout Alabama) was forced out of business in 1956 after a $100,000 fine was imposed for its refusal to turn over its membership list to the state police. What's more, he helped organize the Bessemer Voters League, and in the eight years he has served as its president the number of Negroes registered to vote in Bessemer has grown from seventy-five to 2,000. In a city of 31,000, of whom 17,000 are Negroes, the activities of the Bessemer Voters League have naturally been observed with increasing interest by the forces of law and order.

Early in January, Asbury Howard went to Albert McAllister, a white man who operates a small sign-painting business, and asked him to reproduce on a yard and a half square of canvas a cartoon (shown on page 24) which had previously appeared in the December 26 issue of the Kansas City *Call* and in other Negro weeklies that subscribe to the *Call's* cartoon service. Howard told the white sign painter to add the words "Vote Today for a Better Tomorrow," because the poster was going to be used in the Bessemer Voters League 1959 campaign urging Negroes to register and vote. Howard has said that the poster was never going to be shown publicly: it was to hang on a wall *inside* the Voters League hall.

McAllister agreed to do the job for $12 and was told not to hurry



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about finishing it. When he had almost completed the poster—only the words "Hands That Can Still Pray" had not been painted in—Bessemer's police chief, George Barron, took the unfinished job from McAllister's workbench and called at Howard's service station. He asked Howard what he was going to do with the poster and was told it would be placed inside the Voters League hall. Chief Barron asked Howard why he didn't have copies printed and tack them up on telephone poles all over town. Howard replied that he was a law-abiding citizen and knew that to do what was suggested would be a violation of the law.

The police chief then placed Howard under arrest—without showing a warrant—and took him to the city hall, where he was detained for forty-five minutes before being released under bond. Howard was not told the charges against him until the next day, January 22. He learned that he had violated Bessemer City Ordinance 25-72, which deals primarily with publications alleged to be "of an obscene, licentious, lewd, indecent, libelous, or scurrilous nature. . . ." or with "any abusive or intemperate matter tending to provoke a breach of the peace, or any matter prejudicial to good morals."

IF NOTHING ELSE, Bessemer justice is swift in civil-rights cases like this. The trial was held two days later, on January 24. On the way into the city hall, Howard's defense counsel, David H. Hood, Jr., was informed by a policeman that he had orders to search him and his briefcase before he and his client were allowed to enter the courtroom. Judge James D. Hammonds opened proceedings by reading the charges against Howard and McAllister. The white sign painter's case was quickly disposed of when he pleaded guilty. (He is now serving his sentence in a city jail.) But when asked how Asbury Howard pleaded, the reply was "Not guilty, Your Honor."

Defense Counsel Hood spent a good part of the morning—the trial record is thirty-two pages long—attempting to extract from the prosecution some indication as to how the city of Bessemer felt its Ordinance 25-72 had been violated by a poster

***The poster that was found to be "prejudicial to good order"***

LORD, HELP ALL AMERICANS TO SEE THAT YOU INTENDED HUMAN BEINGS EVERYWHERE TO HAVE THE SAME RIGHTS...
YOU CANT ENTER HERE
YOU CANT RIDE HERE
YOU CANT WORK HERE
YOU CANT PLAY HERE
YOU CANT STUDY HERE
YOU CANT EAT HERE
YOU CANT DRINK HERE
YOU CANT WALK HERE
YOU CANT WORSHIP HERE

***HANDS THAT CAN STILL PRAY***

showing a Negro praying for his rights. "If an attempt to induce or cause people to register to vote is an offense," Hood argued, "then the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution are void." At one point Judge Hammonds said: "David, you are making a fifty-dollar case out of a ten-dollar case."

The last minutes of the trial proceeded as follows:

CITY ATTORNEY J. HOWARD MCENIRY: "Judge, it comes down to whether in your opinion the sign tends to provoke a breach of the peace or is prejudicial to good order. If you feel it does, the defendants are guilty. If you feel it does not, then the defendants are not guilty. It is my opinion that showing a man in chains is prejudicial to good order . . ."

JUDGE HAMMONDS: "I find you both guilty and I fine both of you $105 and 180 days."

MR. HOOD: "Like to make a note of appeal, if it please the Court, Your Honor."

JUDGE HAMMONDS: "$200 bond."

AS HE LEFT the courtroom after posting bond, Howard found some forty white men lined up along the walls of the lobby and stairway leading down to the main floor of the city hall. Here is how he has described what happened next:

*"As I was about to take the last step down, I was struck a terrific blow from the rear which landed on the right side of my head. . . . It knocked me off my feet. The crowd of men around the wall rushed towards me. . . . They lashed out with their feet in a vicious effort to stomp and mutilate my face, head and body. I struggled the best I knew how upon my back upon the floor. I finally managed to reach a corner.*

*"In the meantime my son, Asbury, Jr., was struggling down the stairway to my rescue. The mob turned on him. My son put up a furious battle against unequal odds. After he refused to give up but kept on fighting back, they gave ground and began to scatter. There were about fifteen or more policemen in and about the courtroom. The only arrest they were able to make was that of my son. All members of the mob were allowed to escape unmolested. My son was charged with disorderly conduct and resisting arrest. He was placed under $600 bond. . . .*

*"After escaping the mob, I needed medical care. I was badly shaken up, bruised, and bleeding badly. The blow I received on my head opened up a very bad wound that took ten stitches to close. I was very weak because of the amount of blood I had lost.*

*"As I waited outside the city hall for an ambulance, I was ordered to move along by a police officer. He told me 'Get away from here or else I will carry you upstairs and lock you up.' Two of my friends helped me to walk a block or more to a car and I was taken to the Bessemer General Hospital and was given the medical care that I needed."*

ASBURY HOWARD, JR., was later sentenced to one year's hard labor for his efforts to defend his father in the Bessemer City Hall. He is now out on bail pending appeal, but his father is now serving his sentence on what the Negro press usually refers to as a chain-gang. Recent observers report that while at work on the roads, prisoners do not actually wear chains. But another old Southern custom is apparently still observed: on the way to and from work, Negro convicts are driven, for "educational purposes," through the colored sections chained to each other and to the cagelike truck in which they ride.



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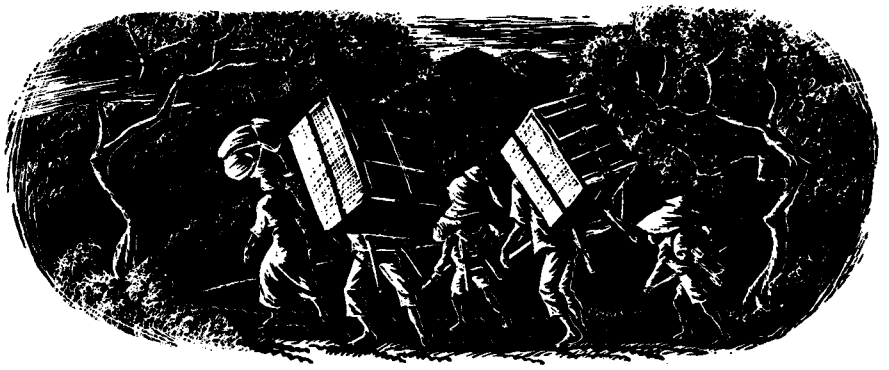

# The Fits and Starts Of Foreign Aid

HARLAN CLEVELAND

THE ONSET of the disease can be dated with accuracy. We took sick when the motivation of hope, on which an effective foreign-aid program depends, was replaced by the motivation of fear on Saturday, June 24, 1950.

Up to that fateful day we were binding ourselves to both friends and neutrals with that extraordinarily successful venture in applied co-operation, the Marshall Plan. President Truman had announced the Point Four program in 1949, and in the spring of 1950 Congress had passed the Act for International Development. Then the Russians struck at us through their North Korean puppets, and we stopped dead in our tracks.

Within a week or two, support for European recovery, for investment and technical assistance in Asia and Africa, for economic co-operation with our Latin-American neighbors, even for the exchange of students and artists, had to be justified by reference to a new all-embracing criterion, expressed in the word "security." Now it was "mutual security" rather than "economic co-operation." I well remember a winter afternoon when I sat with C. Tyler Wood (now an assistant to the director of the International Cooperation Administration), searching for ways to explain the foreign-aid budget in the new defense-conscious atmosphere. Before quitting time we had invented that confusing but politically effective phrase, "defense support," to justify economic aid as a handmaiden of the military build-up in areas like South Korea, Formosa, and Vietnam.

In the years that followed, the foreign-aid agency in its successive incarnations was progressively weakened by internal disorders: by the fever of Harold Stassen's "patronage purge"; by the chill of John Hollister's doubt that foreign aid belonged on the national agenda at all; by the failures in Egypt and Laos and the less-publicized troubles in a dozen other missions; by the gradual disenchantment of Congressional friends and the unrelenting hostility of Congressional foes.

But these things too have passed. The most acute symptoms are disappearing now, and convalescence can be said to have begun. The program's leadership is no longer preoccupied with Presidential ambitions. Most appointments are no longer made in the shadow of the Republican National Committee, even though Chairman Meade Alcorn recently demonstrated enough power to veto the appointment of Henry Labouisse as director of ICA for the sin of being registered as a Democrat in Mr. Alcorn's home state of Connecticut. And popular opinion is no longer so easily incited against "giveaways."

But obvious dangers remain, two of which will be discussed here—the delusion about the value of local currency and the wild growth of operating agencies in the foreign-aid business.

WHEN OUR aid programs began, they were strapped hand and foot by ancient prejudices about international finance. The pattern was rigid: We would either give aid outright, or we would make loans repayable in U.S. dollars (which are by custom denominated "hard," in spite of the effect on their adamantine quality of chronic inflation in the United States). There was no intermediate point between pure loans and straight grants.

The first attempt to fill this aid gap was a change in our historic policy of not accepting repayment of dollar loans in the currencies of the debtor countries. The change represented a victory within the Federal government for those whose interest in selling agricultural surpluses exceeds their concern about the value of the coin in which they are paid. The device authorized by Public Law 480 was to lend foreign countries the money with which to buy our surpluses, and accept repayment in local currencies if necessary (which of course it will generally be).

Once the principle of local-currency lending was established, it was only a matter of time before such loans became a normal financial operation, instead of having to be smuggled through the U.S. Department of Agriculture. In a far-reaching move two years ago, the administration proposed and Congress approved a new "semi-bank" dedicated to the proposition that the underdeveloped world needs more and softer dollar loans, and that the repayments need not be collected in dollars since they will be reinvested in economic development anyway.

This Development Loan Fund, established by the Mutual Security Act of 1957, was originally intended as a long-term fund capitalized at $1 billion a year or more. But the promise was soon diluted by both Congress and the administration. The fund was reluctantly endowed with only $700 million in its first two annual appropriations, and received no authority to borrow for long-term projects from the Treasury. And the administration put in charge of the new fund a businessman so unfa-



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miliar with the new task that Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon finally had to move in and take personal charge.

Nevertheless, the Development Loan Fund can readily come to be a notably flexible instrument for financing development. It can extend credits to entities other than governments—a departure from the practice of the more traditional banks and also from previous grant programs. Guaranties of repayment (by governments of the nations in which investments are made) are not necessarily required. The trouble with the new fund is its limited financing—and the resulting temptation, which its managers are doing little to resist, to treat each loan as a separate "project," an end in itself, instead of thinking in broader terms of helping each country finance its whole development program.

### Grubstake for SUNFED

Meanwhile the several international lending agencies have sprung into life with a variety of more flexible financial techniques. After some years of debate inside the U.S. government, the Treasury decided that it would be harmless to allow an International Finance Corporation to be created for the purpose of investing in foreign equities and trying to lure overseas more of those private dollars that are said to be panting for a sojourn abroad. The International Monetary Fund, after a long period of minimal activity and expensive overhead, awakened to a somewhat broader interpretation of its mandate to help countries weather temporary balance-of-payments trouble. The International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, or World Bank, easily the most useful and best-administered instrument for economic development the postwar period has produced, built up its volume of lending cautiously but steadily, reaching into more and more unstable countries while maintaining the benevolent support of the most conservative financiers of Europe and the United States.

These three Washington agencies are all vaguely under the jurisdiction of the United Nations, but many of the underdeveloped countries do not feel they have an adequate voice in their management. Moreover, they all deal in hard money, and they rather expect to be repaid, at near-commercial rates of interest. At the U.N. Headquarters up in New York, therefore, the support of the newly developing nations was meanwhile coalescing around a soft-money proposal called SUNFED—the Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development. The original proposal was patently a "debtors' special": its board would be dominated by recipient nations, it did not provide for a strong executive director (unlike the World Bank, which is run by President Eugene Black and his staff, not by its board), and it would be dependent on annual contributions by its members, like an international community chest.

For several years the United States opposed this scheme, fearing its control by the recipients and arguing that a really big economic development program should await the conclusion of an international disarmament agreement. But a year ago, a watered-down version of the SUNFED proposal was passed by the U.N. General Assembly. It set up a Special Projects Fund to provide "systematic and sustained assistance in the fields essential to the integrated technical, economic, and social development of less developed countries." However, the General Assembly set the target for initial contributions so low—around $100 million—that the fund

seems unlikely to make a significant contribution to these high purposes for the time being. Most of the past year, in fact, has been consumed by the process of collecting from participating nations enough of a grubstake with which to commence operations. The Special Fund's first managing director, former Marshall Plan Administrator Paul G. Hoffman, has been able to get only about $25 million to work with so far.

THE WAXING ENTHUSIASM for more flexible investment banks is certainly a sign of health. But it is creating its own problems. Now that we have crossed the divide that separates dollar lending from local-currency lending, we are in some danger of deluding ourselves about the usefulness of the local currencies our various public banks and funds will be accumulating.

It is safe to assume that nearly all the countries needing soft loans repayable in local currency will already be stretching their resources to the limit, or beyond, in the almighty name of economic development. Most of their governments will be establishing command over as large a proportion of their own resources as underdeveloped tax systems and precarious political credit will allow. In most cases, therefore, the local-currency repayments will in no sense make additional resources available for economic development. At best, U.S. control of these resources will give some Americans the opportunity to influence the *direction* of public investment, rather than the *volume* of resources devoted to it.

Put yourself in the place of the minister of finance in Sarkhan, which has received a U.S. local-currency loan and is starting to repay it. You know that if you push the economy any harder, you will endanger your whole Five-Year Plan—and incidentally your own political neck—by generating too much inflationary pressure. You are, therefore, quite willing to pay up (never let it be said that little Sarkhan doesn't fulfill its solemn international obligations), but you are equally unwilling to have the resulting payment used by the United States for any purpose that will represent a net increase in your government's use of resources. Thus you are forced to suggest to the United States that it allocate these funds to government expenditures that are already budgeted in the plan, or use them to retire part of your public debt, or in some other way effectively sterilize them. If the funds are used for net new investment, not already taken into account in your careful planning for what Harvard professor and former government economic adviser Lincoln Gordon once called the "proper degree of flation," you



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must insist on offsetting the income created by that investment with new imports, presumably financed with new loans or grants from the United States.

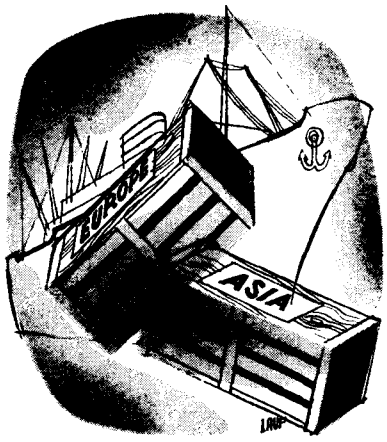
In short, the United States can look forward to effective use of the local-currency repayments of its development loans *only* if it simultaneously sweetens the pot with more American dollar aid for development. Under most of the given conditions, the local currency in question is merely money, and should not be mistaken for real resources. It may look good on the books of the U.S. Treasury. But in terms of paying for more development, most of it won't be worth a Continental.

What it will buy, of course, is the right to participate with the less developed country in making decisions about the allocation of that country's resources. The presence of a local-currency account that could conceivably be used to add to the pressure on resources is a sword of Damocles over the central bankers and central planning authorities of any nation. The U.S. or U.N. agency that can decide to sterilize or to use these funds is inevitably a powerful participant in the budgetary and planning processes of the developing nation. The kinds of decisions involved—decisions about the size of a nation's army, the direction of its agricultural development, the priority of need between a community development program and a shiny new cold-strip rolling mill—are the very stuff of national sovereignty. Whatever external agency has a say in decisions like these is bound to take a deep interest in the internal politics of the recipient nation.

### Too Many Cooks

The question, then, is not whether we shall participate in the developing nations' decisions about their own economic policies. The question is whether we are using our gigantic strength in the most effective way to promote economic growth associated with the development of freer political institutions. The present answer is all too clearly "No." And the reason for our frequent ineffectiveness is also clear: we are retarding and complicating the process of economic development by the very manner in which we go about aiding it. Bluntly put, the trouble is that oldest obstacle to organized human endeavor, too many cooks.

Gazing out at the world from our charmingly pluralistic society, we see no particular damage in setting up a new agency every time we get a




new idea about how to finance public investment abroad or want to start a new program of technical assistance. As things now stand, the leaders of an underdeveloped country will normally deal with a minimum of sixteen and often with more than twenty different agencies purveying various kinds of assistance to their development plan. In our enthusiasm for modernizing every economy we can reach, we have tended to close our eyes to the administrative burden we place on the governments of the less developed countries by multiplying the independent agencies we create to "help" them. Perhaps it is time to take stock.

On a visit to Indonesia a year ago, I had occasion to examine this matter in some detail. Here is a nation with which we have no military entanglements, and a rather minor program of economic and technical assistance. There are, nevertheless, nine different agencies in the technical-assistance business alone, and the International Cooperation Administration is only one of them. The Indonesians also must deal with at least four public investment agencies, two from the U.S. government and two in the United Nations galaxy. When the U.N. Special Fund is set up and running, Indonesia will certainly be one of its clients. And when the Indonesians want our agricultural surpluses, they find themselves dealing with the U.S. Department of Agriculture. In addition, the Ford Foundation also has a substantial technical-aid effort in Indonesia.

That makes sixteen agencies. To complete the list you would have to add technical aid from the Colombo Plan, plus bilateral investment and technical-aid relationships with the Dutch, the British, the Germans, and the Russians, among others. If you moved farther west to Pakistan or Iran, you could add to this complex picture a large U.S. military-aid program. Nor does this inventory include the private philanthropies other than Ford or the myriad semi-private agencies that use dollars to perform services of various kinds for foreign governments. Those now number in the hundreds; the private companies and universities under contract with ICA alone involve an overseas staff that is very nearly as large as ICA's own foreign establishment.

I would not want to imply that there is no co-operation among these agencies in the field. A really underdeveloped nation can hardly be expected to have more than one good bar in its capital city, and much informal exchange of information is accomplished there among agency representatives whose responsible lines of command run ten thousand miles back to Washington, New York, Paris, Geneva, Rome, San Francisco, and to nearly every university town in the United States.

But by and large, it is up to the government receiving the aid to coordinate the aiders. Governments that are far from able to manage the effective use of their own resources —governments that are, in fact, receiving advice on public administration from several technical-assistance agencies because of this very inability—these governments are expected to mold into an integrated program the knowledge, skills, prejudices, and weaknesses of hundreds of foreigners, most of whom are ignorant of the history, the politics, or even the language of the country whose domestic policies they are influencing.

The situation is getting worse, not better. In most countries, the number of Americans and U.N. agency advisers is almost certainly increas-



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ing more rapidly than the local governments' capacity to cope with them. The time for consolidation of these efforts is already overdue.

### Two Steps to Coherence

What is required is a two-step consolidation in the field: to pull together the American agencies and to rationalize as a single operation the technical-assistance and investment-financing activities of the United Nations.

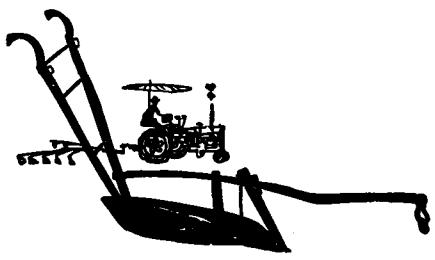
At present the United States has the Export-Import Bank for "hard" loans, the Development Loan Fund for "soft" loans, and the regular ICA organization for grants and technical assistance. There is no reason why these several operations should not be administered as different windows of the same financial institutions. Indeed, since Under Secretary of State Dillon was appointed coordinator of the Mutual Security Program, there has been a notable improvement in the degree to which the U.S. agencies have been acting as though they were part of the same government. What is now needed is a sufficient delegation of programming responsibility to enable the ICA mission chiefs to use the whole range of U.S. financial instruments to further the purposes of general U.S. policy in each country. Of course this would mean abandoning the cherished ideal that every "loan," hard or soft, should relate to a "project" which is separately justifiable on pseudo-economic grounds.

Such a policy would also require mission chiefs to be men of self-confidence and initiative, able to handle the increased responsibilities and manage the greater complexities that this kind of consolidation would involve. ICA has had a good many such men in its foreign service, but the ICA staff in Washington would be the first to agree that ICA's present structure, with its over-centralized "project procedure" and its frequent and lengthy Washington clearances, does not encourage enough men of top executive ability to gravitate toward field work with the organization.

Nor is it enough for the ICA to do its own job effectively. The purpose of economic and technical assistance and foreign lending is not merely to promote economic development in general; it is to assist in the development of free political institutions that are increasingly effective. We don't simply want other countries to have higher rates of economic growth regardless of their political institutions; we want to be able to live with them as friends in a viable world order.

Most ICA overseas personnel will tell you that this, the political aspect of the American government's overseas operations, is the embassy's job. In part it is. But the problem is to tie the economic-aid instrument more closely to the foreign-policy purposes this instrument is supposed to serve. It cannot be done with Mimeographed "position papers" handed down by planners in the State Department; it can be done effectively only in the field, country by country. It requires ambassadors who are experienced public executives, who know what the economic people are doing and are not afraid of the executive responsibility for supervising them. It also requires mission chiefs who are competent and who are encouraged to interest themselves in the political as well as the statistical effect of the foreign-aid program; the ultimate judgment on their success will be measured not in economic indices but in the building of durable and relevant institutions.

CHANGES IN STRUCTURE are also in order in the international field. The case for an International Development Authority is not our need for one more agency with one more financial gimmick to offer to an already bewildered world. What is needed is an agency that can put all the U.N.'s programs of technical aid and investment to work in tackling problems the way they actually arise in the real world of economic development—that is to say, by countries and regions, not by "functions" like mosquito control, rice production, elementary schools, hard loans, soft loans.



What happens now is that the Secretariat of the United Nations endeavors rather ineffectually to tie together the threads of the development programs of a half-dozen specialized agencies. But these ultra-sovereign bodies, dealing separately with health, food and agriculture, education and culture, labor, civil aviation, children, and money, are still much too jealous of their independence to permit a mere committee in the Secretary-General's office to enforce the "country program" approach.

It should be made clear that the abolition of the FAO, WHO, UNICEF, ILO, UNESCO, and UNTAA is not proposed here. These organizations perform extremely useful functions that are related only tangentially to their technical-aid operations. As research centers and promoters of scientific collaboration on a world-wide basis, they have more than fulfilled the promise of those wartime conferences at which most of them were conceived. Technical specialists operating on behalf of an International Development Authority could still have a functional line of communication back to world centers of international research in agriculture, health, child welfare, education, and other specialities. But the field work should be organized by countries, so that agronomists, doctors and nurses, social workers, teachers, and other experts will be pooling their efforts in a rational plan administered in each country by a mission that will include them all, headed by a mission chief for international development to whom all the different kinds of U.N. technicians operating in that country will be administratively responsible.

WHAT ABOUT the relation between a centralized U.S. agency and a centralized U.N. agency? Not all U.S. aid can be channeled through international agencies. There will always be situations where U.S. security suggests or even dictates a bilateral program: "defense support countries" such as South Korea, Formosa, and South Vietnam are obvious examples. But for most of the area from Indonesia to Morocco, the need is urgent to create a consoli-



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dated system of internationally sponsored aid, administered by one agency instead of a dozen.

An International Development Authority with enough funds for massive aid to economic development would also provide a "base" from which to launch regional experiments in economic co-operation. There is a strong case for a regional approach of some kind in the whole of the underdeveloped world. The Latin Americans have already begun to create institutions for direct co-operation with the United States through the Organization of American States. The Middle East lends itself to the creation of a development authority that can put to work, for regional economic growth, the vast oil profits of some of the Arab nations. The development of Southeast Asia can be rapidly advanced if Indian political leadership and Japanese industrial capacity can be married in a regional institution. In Africa the weak emerging nations will also need international attention to the gap between their expectations of economic advance and the poverty of their financial and administrative wherewithal.

In all regions except Latin America (where an effective international agency is already in the field), an International Development Authority could, more effectively than the U.S. government, raise the crucial questions, bring the interested parties together, provide the initial outside capital, and furnish temporary administrators to get regional projects moving.

FOREIGN AID is not the road to popularity, so let us not delude ourselves that by working increasingly through international organizations we are frittering away a valuable public-relations asset. A story is told in India about a rich Bengali who was informed that a "friend" of his really hated him. "I don't know why that man should hate me," he said. "I've never helped him in my life." We are not so fortunate. But we do have the option of operating so as to convince the nations that, when it comes to economic development, we are dependable, long-term friends, willing to work with them as equals in tackling the most exciting tasks of our time.

# Marxism, Baseball And Suicide

**EDWARD SEIDENSTICKER**

TOKYO

FOR a really disheartening view of westernized Japan, nothing does better than Tokyo University on an overcast winter afternoon. A little charm survives from the days when a feudal lord occupied the grounds: a lake, an ornate red gate, some fine trees. For the rest the Japanese Gothic buildings are brown, unwashed, and peeling. Only a dirty pale light comes into the classrooms through inadequate windows so long unwashed that they are like frosted glass.

Yet the competition to reach these gloomy halls, or equally gloomy ones in Kyoto, is intense. Tokyo University and Kyoto University, both government-supported, are the two oldest of the former imperial universities: they are cheaper than private universities, carry more prestige, and offer more security to their graduates.

The U.S. occupation tried to diminish their power and prestige. It attempted to lure students away by setting up numerous rival universities in the provinces and by raising miscellaneous academies and technical schools to the university level. Unfortunately, the more ambitious students were unwilling to accept a business school as the equivalent of a university, much as a bright New Yorker might have trouble accepting an ordinance that raised a city high school to the level of Columbia. Many Japanese students with less ambition and more modest views of their talents do nonetheless go to the other universities, and the yearly crop of university graduates has increased enormously—it is in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand. Meanwhile the competition to enter Tokyo and Kyoto has only grown fiercer.

In the old days, the last tragic weeding out, with its inevitable wave of suicides, took place when students successfully entered high school. Once safely in the elite public high schools, they moved on to the imperial universities in an ordered procession. But today the fiercest struggle comes when candidates pour in from high schools all over the country for their university entrance examinations. They arrive confronted with the near certainty that they will not make Tokyo or Kyoto on the first try. Three years ago about half and in 1958 some three-quarters of the entering class at Tokyo


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University were *ronin*, "masterless samurai" who had spent one to five years doing nothing but fail one entrance examination and get ready for the next. Two battered *ronin* were successful in 1958 on their sixth attempt.

Still, the system does keep a few people out of the overcrowded labor market for a few years. And the occupation at least succeeded in raising the age at which ambitious but inadequately endowed students finally give up and commit suicide.

### A Veneer of Marxism

Tokyo probably has more universities, state and private, than any city in the world. Students are everywhere. "The place is starting to smell like students again," a Japanese acquaintance remarked to me one evening when the fall term was about to begin. The young man who comes in to repair the radio is taking night courses at Waseda, the young man who comes in to clip the shrubbery laments that unless he starts going to a university soon he is not likely to get far in the world. He is right. It is not easy these days for people to get decent jobs without diplomas—or even with them. It is hard to believe that those baccalaureate taxi drivers are really as good-humored as they seem, and if the economy slows down a bit they will probably not even pretend to be good-humored. Japan has the makings of a good-sized and troublesome intellectual proletariat.

The Japanese student can indeed be very troublesome. The student movement, which is turbulent and far, far to the Left, is dominated by an organization called the Zengakuren, or League of Student Self-Government Associations, led by a highly organized group of radicals who control the conventions and who are able to name their successors. Last summer the recently retired chairman and secretary-general were expelled by the Communist Party for excessive radicalism (Trotskyism, the party called it). The party had entered an era of peaceful coexistence, and was grimly wooing the Socialists. The Zengakuren, refusing to recognize any respite in the class struggle, accused the party of opportunism. The disagreement came into the open last June, when members of the Zengakuren executive committee laid rude hands on a party elder sent to watch over them.

The Zengakuren is firmly opposed to American imperialism, to the treaty commitments that make Japan part of the world-wide "imperialist plot," and to the Kishi government and all its "reactionary schemes." In 1958 it was at the forefront of the struggle against Kishi's attempts to strengthen the police and to introduce a rating system for teachers.

This last issue requires a word of explanation. The government is accused, probably with justification, of intending to use teacher ratings as a weapon against leftist teachers, of whom there are many. In the struggle, the Zengakuren went farther than the Communist Party deemed advisable. It organized zigzag processions that tied up traffic in the heart of Tokyo, and it launched a wave of strikes sometimes supported by force. In one northern provincial university, it boycotted examinations, forcibly prevented the more docile students from entering examination rooms, and beat up faculty members who tried to intervene.

Toward the end of 1958, the excommunicated leaders resigned and successors still in the good graces of the party were elected. The new leaders quickly made it clear that nothing fundamental had changed. They congratulated the organization upon progress made since the preceding convention, and indicated that it would go on striking and zigzagging until the "warmongers" were destroyed.

In a consideration of the prospects for democracy in Japan, the fact that so many students have a coating of Marxism is less disturbing than that so few have anything else. Most of the college Marxists check their slogans on graduation and move on to the finance ministry or to Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, where they find other things to occupy them. As in most countries, public-opinion polls show a steady rise in conservatism as the age of those polled rises. This does not necessarily mean that other principles have taken the place of the college slogans, but perhaps only that an interest in promotion has come to predominate.

Like their elders in Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, students often find things that interest them more than politics. Student living conditions have improved, there is now some margin for pleasure, and much of the immediate urge for revolutionary change has passed. Though the drabness still prevails, things have changed from the days when students were collapsing in the corridors from having sold too much blood. Average sales of merchandise per student are rising in the university co-operatives. So, too, is the number of students who report that their expenses are being paid by their families.

There are two views as to what this implies. The sanguine one is that people are better off, and that students are therefore better off too. The gloomy one is that the very poor are being denied higher educations. They cannot take a year or two off to cram for the public university examinations, and they cannot afford the far higher tuition rates for the private universities. The gloomy view holds true, it must be noted, only if the discussion is limited to the old and honored universities. Almost anyone capable of getting through high school could find a public university to take him in.

### Extracurricular Activities

Politics is by no means the students' only recreation. Anyone who has had the experience of addressing a Japanese student circle, unless it be a circle of those who just want to speak English, any English, will have recollections of the five minutes of respectful silence that always opens the question-and-answer period, and of the amazingly intense dialogues that follow. I once met a group of lady students who saw the whole body of literature as an attack upon their sex, and some of their interpretations in support of this view were ingenious indeed. I had never thought of Moby Dick as a mother symbol.

Then there are sports, first among which is baseball. There is probably a wider variety of sports in Japan than anywhere else in the world. North Americans may like basketball and South Americans may prefer soccer, but Japanese like everything —except, for some reason, cricket.


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The native sports too remain popular—various kinds of wrestling and swordsmanship that were once looked upon with disfavor by the Americans. But baseball is to the Japanese university what football is to the American.

There are two university baseball leagues in Tokyo, one in Osaka. Of these, the Tokyo Six Universities League is much the most glamorous. Only once in recent history has Tokyo University failed to finish in last place. Tokyo University is kept around to give the league an appearance of amateurism, and it plays the role piously. The other five, all big private universities, maintain semi-professional teams, much as some American colleges maintain football teams. In 1957 there were almost a million spectators at Six Universities games. Attendance fell off last year—partly because the more spectacular high-school stars are beginning to find professional baseball and its big bonuses more attractive than higher education and partly because Waseda and Keiô, traditionally the baseball-mad universities, have lost three successive championships to St. Paul's.

Yet the Waseda-Keiô series can still turn out more people than any Zengakuren demonstration, and the methods of showing enthusiasm were clearly learned from American college football. On the night of the last Waseda-Keiô game the two universities descend upon the town, Keiô upon the Ginza, Waseda upon Shinjuku, with large enough partisan minorities in both places to guarantee a few good quarrels. If baseball can do all this, and if the Japanese are willing to admit, as they are, that they are not the best baseball players in the world, and if they are interested, as again they are, in keeping an eye on people who are better—then America still has some claim upon student attention if not upon student ideas. I do not remember hearing a Yankee being told to go home on Waseda-Keiô night.

THERE ARE other diversions of a more sedate sort. In some coffee shops there are art exhibits, which change every week or so. In others one can sit all afternoon listening to records, jazz or classical. The coffee is not cheap, it is true, but once the price is paid no one feels guilty about sitting through an opera or two with an empty cup before him. It is proper to sit with closed eyes, fingertips pressed lightly together; sometimes a discreet snore can be heard above a pianissimo. Still there can be little doubt that most of the listeners are deadly serious, if a trifle set in their tastes. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony must be played as often in Tokyo every year as it is in the rest of the world put together.

Dead seriousness characterizes Japanese youth's pursuit of culture. Let there be an exhibit of the works of

a well-known foreign artist, and students converge in frightening numbers. At a special Van Gogh exhibit in 1958, I was borne helplessly along by the flood, looking desperately to the left and right at the passing pictures, and thankful that I was somewhat taller than most Japanese. The students want to see everything that comes, if only because it may not come again. Gabriel Marcel, a French Catholic philosopher, drew large audiences in spite of the fact that few Japanese understand French, and few people who understand French understand M. Marcel.

The enthusiasm for foreign performers—dancers, actors, musicians—is astonishing. In 1958 some forty front-rank foreign artists or groups thereof appeared in Japan. A promoter has to sell something like twelve hundred seats at eight hundred yen per seat if he is to meet his guarantees to a European or American musician. It is not easy to determine the exact American equivalent for eight hundred yen, but it may help to realize that some students manage to live on three or four thousand a month. A filling meal, if not an ideally balanced one, can be had for a hundred yen.

"Socialist" performers do not demand guarantees. Hence prices can be lowered, and hence, at least in part, the enthusiasm for the Bolshoi Ballet, which is said to have drawn sixty thousand people, most of them young, to twenty performances. The New York City Center Ballet danced mostly to half-filled houses, but it too filled the house on its cut-rate student evenings.

THUS there are varied pleasures to be enjoyed. Yet one feels that there is a gap. The collapse of the old verities left a vacuum which Marxism-Leninism filled for some and which democracy and pleasure have failed to fill for others. The emptiness makes itself felt in the way students' faces fall when they have said good-by at the coffee shops and boarded a train for the suburbs, in the frenzy with which they pursue new fashions—and in the suicide rate. Japan's suicide rate has always been high—now 24.2 per 100,000 as against 10.2 in the United States—but what is most disturbing is the fact that the rate is highest among the young. Between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four it is 54.8 per 100,000 and, in this group, the leading cause of death. From then on the rate declines progressively.

It must be added of course that for a Japanese, suicide need not necessarily be a manifestation of despair; it can express romanticism and it can proceed from ancient cultural forces. It need not be related to economic pressures or national failure and achievement. Yet the spiritual emptiness that exists among the Japanese young of today has reminded some observers of Weimar Germany. Determinists among them jump to an immediate and very unhappy conclusion about Japan's future, and even observers who refuse to believe that historical precedent is ever binding are left wondering and worried.



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# *How the Scots Make Scotch*

**NAOMI MITCHISON**

IT TAKES LONGER to get from Glasgow to Craigellachie than to New York, but it is a much pleasanter journey. It is an odd thing, but almost all the country where they distill malt whisky is beautiful: Islay, lost in the sunset, where they make Lagavulin and Coal Isla, cloud-soft whiskies which, born in rain, have the quality of rapidly warming and drying out a human body all sodden and chill from working in rain, and leaving a glow on skin and brain alike. The terrible mountains of Skye frowning over Talisker, and the unbelievable profusion of wild flowers in June. Campbeltown Bay, the glens off Strathspey, and the Grant country—where the Grant family operates the world's largest malt distilleries.

These are all places where they make the malt whiskies, which are the soul of every blend. They are not bottled separately, but go into the whiskies you know as Scotch.

For those who know only blends, and want to know only them, the untouched malt whisky is a stranger. I can just understand that some people genuinely do not like it. It needs perhaps a cultivated sense of taste, a leap, even, of the gustatory imagination, to get the best from malt. The blends are made in cities among the clanging and slamming of traffic. They are made to be drunk in the same distracting places. But the single malts should be tasted gravely in beautiful places, such as those where they are made.

The little distillery towns are pleasant and seemly, as at Dufftown, pretty and prosperous above the beech trees and brawling brown river of Glen Fiddich. The four wide streets of Dufftown meet at the clock tower; the houses are typical of the small Highland town, one or two stories in stone with heavily slated dormer windows in the roof, solid against the weather, and pleasant enough, most of all if there is a good garden with the bright flare of spring flowers to set against the gray stone. And all around them stand the begetters of prosperity, the distilleries. All have long ranges of stone warehouses, well slated and with barred windows. Tall chimneys pour out smoke from the anthracite furnaces under the stills. But a milder, paler smoke drifts and hangs around the louvers and eaves of the kilns, the peat smoke that has trickled through the grains of sprouted barley deeply spread on the strange perforated floor, the rustling bed of Circe.

DISTILLERY WORKERS are a sober and respectable lot all the way through, from the mashmen to the coopers. The days of low wages and steady dramming are over. Most of them are highly skilled and know it. They would not change for anything else. Distilleries used to shut down in summer, when the men went up to the moors for the peat cutting, but now any good distillery is working full time, and many are putting up new buildings. Yet I find something a little disconcerting about the men on the job—what is it? And then I go into a head brewer's little den and find the walls thick with cutouts, all about drink and not one about women. That's it, of course. Maybe I shouldn't be here, because, after all, I am a woman, and, in the curious social ambiance that drifts around the thought of whisky it is essentially a male thing, a secret against the women.

THE FIRST STAGE of the distilling process is rural and innocent. Good dry barley, the best in the market, is steeped in the magic spring water until it comes alive and begins to sprout. (Like everything else in the Highlands, the spring that any distillery uses will have a name. But what matters is the geology. The roots of the spring must trickle over red granite and through peat.) Now damp, the barley is swept about the ballroom floors of the malt barns with powerful sweeps of the wooden shovels. How easy that looks! But there's a young fellow grabbing at his shoulder muscles and swearing under his breath. What's the matter? "Och, it's just maltman's monkey," says an older man; "he's new on the work."

Every mouthful of air in the malt barn smells deliciously of the very heart of the corn; each grain is damply sweet, for the starch is turning into sugar. Now it must be kiln-dried in the soft, completely permeating peat smoke. After this the grains are sweet and brittle like a breakfast food for very young gods; and when, in turn, they are crushed, the smell is a little different but still with the rustic overtone of harvest.

The same spring water, but warmed to just the right heat, is used in the mash tun, where a piece of remarkably simple machinery, the kind one might have invented oneself, with arms like a hay tedder, walks slowly round and round, pressing the sugars out into sweet, non-alcoholic wort. But now the harvest smell is lost forever. Thousands of gallons of the wort are waiting in an enormous wooden vat called a wash-back. Yeasts are dumped into it and



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they seize on the sugar, and start the wort seething and boiling and frothing up. Try and smell this, and the carbon dioxide will knock you back like a blow. But increasingly, now, the atmosphere is one of alcohol.

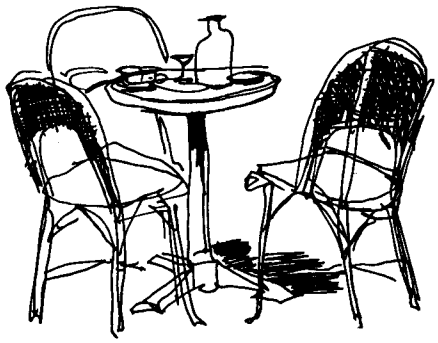
Even when the first fermentation is over, there is a curious life in these great larchwood washbacks with their much-bruised wooden lips. An occasional large bubble moves froglike up to the surface. Odd processes of secondary fermentation set in. I lean over, watching, talking to the manager of Grant's Glen Fiddich distillery. "This other fermentation comes from the wild yeasts and bacteria," he says, "and those are what make it different."

But what a tricky business! If there are really wild yeasts about, no wonder distillers are worried at the idea of having anything new, even a fresh roof beam. A coat of paint might disturb a waiting yeast. That may account for the absence of the white-overalled look one associates with modern factories. Bacteria prefer old coats and even older tweed caps. But don't worry about the end result: nothing can be more sterilized than distilled spirit.

For the next stage brings the wash, now fully fermented and inert, into the stillhouse and the great copper stills, most of them twice a man's height from the wide base where the furnace licks to the narrow top where the volatilized spirit rises to find its way into the long worm tube, water-cooled—but ordinary burn water does for this—in tanks outside the stillhouse wall. Each is a slightly different shape, but always traditional. If a new still has to be made, it is always on the old pattern. "And if we have to put a piece onto one of them, shoulder plates, say," the manager explains, "we'll burn some heather in the still to sweeten the new copper."

The spirit goes through two processes of distilling, always under the expert eye of the stillman. But here everything is done under seal; even the sampling, by eye and in glass hydrometers, is done behind excise seals. Each distillery has one or more excise officers attached. You sense a latent and ancient enmity, only broken by obvious affection and respect for the actual officer whom one is sure to meet somewhere, making careful checks and measurements. One of the family, almost. Ask a stillman about the clear spirit that runs out of his low-wines still after the second distilling. "Not at all!" he'll say. "You couldn't drink the stuff; it would be sheer poison." And he will look thoughtfully at the locked case, where the clear, colorless spirit jets out from taps, runs and splashes, easily seen through thick glass but firmly in the keeping of the excise officer.

And he will show you how it must be tested, always inside the case, and how it is only when he is completely sure of the quality that he allows it to run off into the vats, and from there into the freshly emptied sherry casks that give color to the spring-clear liquid. It is in these huge casks, in the locked, dark warehouses, that it matures, gradually losing some of its strength but acquiring overtones



of taste and smell. Yet it must be further diluted, always with the very special water from some hill spring, before it can be bottled and labeled. After that it becomes inert, no better, no worse.

The excise officers watch over the bottling too, which is done very carefully by hand and eye. But in some of the distilleries there is hardly any bottling. All these single malt whiskies go in casks to the blenders, and get mixed up with grain whiskies, which are made in patent stills and are—which is perhaps just as well—almost without taste until the real thing is put in to give it a flavor. But a few distilleries still bottle pure malt whisky. Most of it never leaves the country, or, for that matter, the Highlands, and it is sought after like pure gold and kept for favorite customers.

Of course there are those who don't care for it, who find it has too much taste for them. They would sooner have a smooth alcohol flavored with whisky or probably with several whiskies, but chiefly consumed for the sake of the kick. If you are used to a blend, you may feel, at first anyhow, that the real thing is heavy. But it isn't really. And you'll know that the next morning.

Not so long ago, for I heard it from his grandson, a piper was coming back to Carradale, where I live myself, over the hills. He had been at a wedding, and doubtless there would have been plenty of the hard stuff, as we call it, most likely run straight from the still. All the same, he had walked back on his own two feet from the far side, up the glen among hazels and crooked rowans and then across the boggy, treacherous tops, with someone or something guiding his weaving, wandering feet around the edges of the black peat-hags. Now, this is all of twelve miles, so the raw spirit can't have done him the harm that these modern distillers are forever telling you comes from the stuff before it is diluted and kept seven years in a cask and all that caper that they keep on about nowadays. Though maybe in the old days a few were killed off, which would be all for the best in the long run. But anyway, this piper came down our own glen past Narrachan and Auchnabreck to Kirnashee, which, although the spelling has been Anglicized, is recognizably the cairn of the fairies, and, sure enough, out they came and asked would he come into the hill for a while and pipe for a dance they were giving.

It is not always sensible to do the things the fairies ask, but he had the stuff in him which made him as bold as a lion, so down into the hill he went and played reels and strathspeys and all the old, hard dances. As you will guess, he was in there seven years without noticing the passing of time, but that is nothing much in a place like Carradale, and I never heard that he was any less of a boy for the whisky than he had been before.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THEATER

# *Sour Bird, Sweet Raisin*

MARYA MANNES

In unmerry old England, we are told, it was considered uproarious sport to watch the lunatics in Bedlam. The laughter at the Martin Beck Theatre in New York these nights is made, I think, of the same stuff: a fascination with and amusement in depravity, sickness, and degradation which makes me equally disturbed at the public, the playwright, and those critics who have hailed *Sweet Bird of Youth* as one of Tennessee Williams's "finest dramas" and "a play of overwhelming force."

It is without doubt one of the decade's finest productions. Geraldine Page as the aging, dope-ridden movie star gives a wholly magnificent performance, and everything from Elia Kazan's direction to Jo Mielziner's setting represents the highest degree of loving care a play can get. Nor is there any question—there never has been—of Williams's magical use of theater and of words to create and sustain excitement.

It is the nature of the excitement that disturbs me deeply: a violence of corruption and decay in which all natural appetites are diverted—and perverted—toward destruction, and in which a poet's imagination must feed on carrion.

Here is the stuffing of *Sweet Bird*: the actress ("Princess Pazmezoglu"), fleeing from failure into drink, drugs, oxygen, and fornication; the young would-be actor (Chance Wayne) who battens on her as a means to success through her money and prestige, who feeds her frantic needs and his own, who hides a tape recorder under her bed as a security through blackmail, who seduced the "love" of his youth (Heavenly Finley) when she was fifteen, with the result that she is now sterile from a hysterectomy performed to "cure" her venereal infection. Then we have Heavenly's father, a Southern racist demagogue of absolute evil; his son, a rat; and a stageful of human refuse who gang up in the end to castrate the young actor for having ruined, among others, the boss's daughter.

Now such a roundelay of sin and corruption could have meaning, could even stir the cleansing agents of pity and compassion, if there had been any initial innocence to corrupt, any original virtue to destroy. But nothing in the play could make me believe that Chance Wayne had ever been anything but a cheap sexual athlete, a braggart, and a phony; or that "Princess Pazmezoglu," although Williams did endow her with some flickerings of insight, had ever had the makings of either a talented actress or a valuable woman. As for the ruined girl, Heavenly, she was just one more deflowered and desperate shadow girl, a Williams symbol of lost purity moving through a Freudian dream, screaming.

I could not have cared less what happened to any of them. What emotions I felt during *Sweet Bird of Youth* were admiration at the techniques of writing, staging, and acting; revulsion not far from nausea at the play's substance; and blank amazement at the final curtain, in which the about-to-be-castrated Chance, alone on the stage, beseeches the audience with tears in his eyes not to judge him but to understand him, for he is in each of us, and our innocence is lost with his. To which I was tempted to shout, as Liza did in *Pygmalion* if not in *My Fair Lady*, "Not bloody likely!"

However, *Sweet Bird of Youth* is a hit. It gives every indication of playing to packed houses for a long time to come, and I am sure that audiences will include not only theater lovers and the sneaker set but expense-account customers who want the biggest bang for their money. What Western Sales Manager of Die and Cast can go back to Tulsa without telling the boys there about the bedroom scene, where they almost do it? "Oh brother," I can hear him telling them, "what a hangover *she* had!"

He will not, I am equally sure, have gone to *Raisin in the Sun*, although it had the superb notices it deserved as the moving, honest, and compassionate play it is.

Why? Because it is about poor Negroes, and who wants to spend a night on the town seeing poor Negroes, even if the play is consistently absorbing, often funny, and beautifully acted by Sidney Poitier and a cast worthy of him? I have an unhappy feeling that an unadmitted sense of guilt will keep a great many people away from *Raisin in the Sun*, although its very virtue is in its lack of racial emphasis and playwright Lorraine Hansberry's treatment of her people as whole human beings in wholly human dilemmas.

But it will be a great pity if people do stay away, for the people in *Raisin*—unlike the basket of snakes in *Bird*—make you care very much what happens to them. And what happens is this: The Younger family in Chicago's South Side comes into $10,000 insurance money left after a lifetime of toil by the lately deceased father. Mother, son, son's wife, and son's sister are obsessed with dreams, each different, of what this money can bring them. The matriarch, played in grand high style by Claudia McNeil, wants only a decent house in a decent place that can give her a small garden and keep her family intact; her son, Walter Lee, played by Sidney Poitier, craves a quick haul through buying his own liquor store with a partner; his wife would settle for a room for her ten-year-old son, who sleeps in the parlor; and Beneatha, the sister, the intellectual, is set on becoming a doctor.

The Younger living room is shabby and mean, but never dull. Walter Lee is a great inarticulate, moody, restless fellow, deeply frustrated by his life, butting his head against walls partly of his own making. His wife, Ruth, is sensitive and sorely tried; his mother monumentally right, monumentally strong; his son a bright spark; his sister extremely funny in her advanced, "emancipated," New Negro ways


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and in her responses to two suitors, one local, one from Nigeria. The Nigerian student, played by Ivan Dixon, is, in fact, one of the most charming characters to grace the season's stage.

What happens next is quite simple: Walter Lee, entrusted with the greater part of the insurance money by his mother, loses it to his defecting partner. A spokesman for the development in which Mother Younger has made a down payment for a house informs them in a scene of magnificent irony and circumlocution that it would be a contribution to brotherhood if they would not move into this white neighborhood; and all the dreams disintegrate until the last act picks up the pieces and glues them together, one by one.

But not too neatly. Miss Hansberry, though this is her first play, is better than that. All she is really saying is "Look: these people at this time, are having rough going. They are not particularly noble, not always wise, and sometimes downright comic. But they feel about things the way most of us would feel in that kind of spot. They know it's tough to be a Negro, but they know it's tough to have what you want in life anyhow. And they know, above all, that they're moving ahead."

Revolutionary? No. But not many of us have any knowledge of what it means to live with the Youngers, and it's high time we did—if only for an evening. »»

MOVIES

# *A Highly Peculiar Film*

**JAY JACOBS**

IN *Some Like It Hot,* which returns Marilyn Monroe to the pleasure domes after three years' absence, United Artists has managed to avoid turning out a routine potboiler but has certainly cooked up a queer kettle of fish.

In the picture's opening scene, which is set in Chicago in pre-crash 1929, a hearse that is hauling bootleg booze leads a magnificent vintage prowl car a splendid chase, in the course of which a couple of tin lizzies are demolished. This is followed by a raid on a "coffee house" *qua* mortuary (the bereaved are lugubriously ushered into a rear room where "we have Scotch coffee, Canadian coffee, and sour-mash coffee"). The situations, the Volstead-era gorillas, the comic lushes, the dialogue and sight gags (gin spurting from a bullet-riddled coffin, etc.) are all of ancient formula, but director Billy Wilder piles them up so thickly and so artfully that the whole atmosphere is one of amiable caricature. The predictability of the gags heightens rather than diminishes the enjoyment of what promises to be a nostalgic *tour de force,* and one settles back in happy anticipation of an old-fashioned spoof of both the 1920's themselves and the gaudy celluloid myth to which they gave rise.

But then the picture abruptly slides out of focus. The hundred-proof flavor of the jazz era is rapidly diluted in a series of watery jokes in which the events and the vernacular of the 1950's are prefigured: groping for improbabilities, the hero-heroine (played by Tony Curtis —that locution will be explained later on) says, "Suppose the Dodgers leave Brooklyn!"; a tough cop (Pat O'Brien), waiting for his colleagues to burst into the afore-mentioned speak-easy, indulges in an atomic-age countdown: "You flipped your wig," Mr. Curtis tells his crony Jack Lemmon.

The dialogue is still stuffed with authentic chestnuts. Miss Monroe (who might have been amusing had she tried to conceal her ampliate desiderata in the style of the flat-chested 1920's, but who anachronistically exposes more cleavage, fore and aft, than a two-headed calf brushing flies off its back) says, sincerely and ingenuously, "I come from a musical family. My father's a conductor . . . with the B and O railroad." But all this is to no visible purpose, for we do not know if we are supposed to laugh with or at.

THE PLOT of *Some Like It Hot* is briefly as follows: Two unemployed musicians (the Messrs. Curtis and Lemmon) blunder onto the scene of, and unwillingly become witnesses to, a wholesale gangland slaying. In order to dodge the killers —who regard them as the only loose ends in an otherwise tidy piece of work—they disguise themselves as women and join an all-girl orchestra just as it is leaving Chicago for a more salubrious clime. En route, both fall for the troupe's singer-ukulelist (Miss Monroe). But upon their arrival in Florida, "Daphne" (Mr. Lemmon) takes the fancy of a jaded playboy (Joe E. Brown), who so thoroughly monopolizes "her" free time that "Josephine" (Mr. Curtis), during *"her"* off hours, is able to apply himself, now in the guise of another, even more jaded playboy, to a peculiarly crayfish-like pursuit of Miss Monroe, who clearly indicates that she is not at all inclined to elude him, etc., etc., etc.

This formula is a venerable one, and it has provided a basis for countless farces with varying degrees of success. What seems to be new and noteworthy here is the way in which a commonplace theme has been embellished with what I take to be some rather peculiar adornments.

In *Some Like It Hot,* the tangle of complications in which our two merry transvestites find themselves increasingly emmeshed is due, mainly, not to the constant threat of exposure (as is the case in most farces of this type) but to the fact that they are—at least so far as the other characters are concerned—utterly convincing as females. No sooner have they successfully palmed themselves off as women on the rest of the orchestra than Miss Monroe (who in or out of character should know a male when she runs across one) climbs into "Daphne's" upper berth for a little pajama party. Mr. Lemmon, who at this point still retains some vestiges of his masculinity, begins trembling in a reasonable simulacrum of passion. Miss Monroe,



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interpreting this agitation as symptomatic of a chill, cuddles up to "Daphne" in an eminently successful attempt to warm "her." Presently, this ambiguous dalliance is interrupted as the other girls get wind of it and join Miss Monroe and "Daphne," swarming into their upper berth like maggots for impromptu cocktails. These shenanigans are photographed mostly from "Josephine's" berth below, so that one sees only an incredible tangle of bare, squirming, nicely fleshed legs and thighs, suggestive (if I interpreted the reaction of the audience rightly) of all manner of uncommon goings-on above.

In Florida, "Josephine" and "Daphne" are fondled *en passant* by a number of gay dogs (strangely—inexplicably in Miss Monroe's case—none of the genuine females ever seems to be the recipient of a playful pinch or wink) before "Daphne," after some coercion on "Josephine's" part, agrees to a night on the town with her principal admirer (Mr. Brown). While *they* are doing the hot spots, the scene shifts to a yacht where Mr. Curtis (now impersonating its owner, "Daphne's" inamorato) has lured Miss Monroe, and where he suddenly and incomprehensibly confesses—or, rather, boasts—that he is incapable of making love to her. There follows a tedious bit of business in which Miss Monroe, in a spirit of pure scientific inquiry, manages finally to restore to Mr. Curtis some semblance of virility.

Dawn over Florida discovers Miss Monroe, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Brown going their separate ways, their tired, happy smiles evincing conquests of one sort and another. Mr. Lemmon, braceleted and betrothed, is not quite so radiant, but finds consolation in the knowledge that in marrying Mr. Brown he will find "security."

In the closing scene, Mr. Lemmon, growing increasingly apprehensive about this equivocal state of affairs, finally determines to make a clean pair of falsies of the whole thing and confesses to his fiancé, Mr. Brown, "I'm a man!"

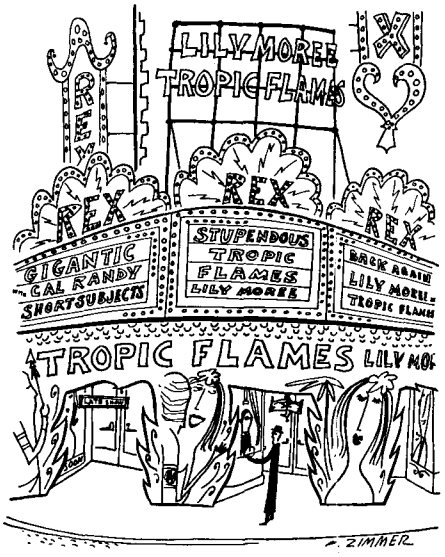
As undeterred as ever, with perfect equanimity, his lover answers, "Nobody's perfect."

I certainly am not, and I may be mistaken here, but it seemed to me that too many people in the audience were laughing out of the wrong side of their mouths.

•

Twentieth Century-Fox's *The Diary of Anne Frank* is a distinguished and extremely moving film. The facts of Anne Frank's pathetically abbreviated life are familiar enough, and I shall limit this review to a few observations concerning the film's presentation of, rather than the implications of, its theme.

If for no other reason, the writers, Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, and the director, George Stevens, deserve an award of some sort for the tact and restraint with




which they have handled a subject that might easily have served as the vehicle for an orgy of sentimentality. It is difficult to tell whether they have created a film that is dramatically self-contained, since much of the poignancy that informs it seems to me to depend on the viewer's prior knowledge of the circumstances involved. But whatever its artistic shortcomings, the film is a tremendously affecting document, and a good deal of its emotional impact is due to the efforts—or what appears to be the effortlessness—of an uncommonly sensitive young actress, Millie Perkins, in the title role. Ordinarily, my aversion to minors on the screen borders on the pathological. The consistently unhappy experiences of three decades of watching Niagara-eyed moppets and cretinous jean-agers going through their paces with all the insight and spontaneity of trained seals has induced in me a misopedia that hitherto I've been content to regard as incurable. It was a happy surprise indeed to find Miss Perkins's delineation of the nuances of adolescence completely credible and utterly captivating.

She is supported by a thoroughly professional cast. As her father, Otto Frank, Joseph Schildkraut is impeccable; and Gusti Huber, Shelley Winters, Diane Baker, Richard Beymer, and Lou Jacobi are uniformly good as members of the two families in hiding; Ed Wynn is amusing—if a shade too much the professional funnyman mugging on cue—as a meddlesome latecomer.

Occasionally, the supporting players (especially Douglas Spencer and Dody Heath as the couple who provide sanctuary for their Jewish friends) are hamstrung by the stilted sort of phraseology that in Hollywood represents the natural utterance of foreigners when translated into English. My major quibbles, though, with *The Diary* are concerned with matters of length and breadth. The film (which is broken by an intermission) runs for almost three hours, and seems to me too long by at least a third. The effect of this attenuation is a pervading slackness—an almost languid atmosphere in spots—in a production that calls for drumskin tautness.

While there may be some justification for the film's unusual length, I can't think of a plausible reason for its being as wide as it is. CinemaScope is doubtless indispensable nowadays to Westerns or costume epics featuring casts of thousands. For a group of eight, however, supposedly cooped up in appallingly close quarters, the unarguable splendors of the panoramic screen are supererogatory.

These flaws are not serious enough to alter the fact that this is one of Hollywood's finer products. It has captured the essential nobility of Anne's life and—if I may borrow from Dylan Thomas—"The majesty and burning of the child's death."



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BOOKS

# *Mysteryland Revisited*

JOCELYN DAVEY

A BATCH of mysteries waiting for review tempts one to speculate more on mysteryland than on the individual character of each book, for the real mystery is the mystery story itself and our relation to it. Everybody agrees that in one sense mysteries are not ordinary novels. As Trollope pointed out after reading the first modern detective story, Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White,* this kind of book has to be plotted backwards—whereas an ordinary novelist, according to Trollope, never knows or even cares how his book will end. Yet the very people who insist that mysteries are not works of art are often equally dogmatic on what form the mystery should take. It is almost as if the mystery writer has been given a very definite and special place in our private fantasies.

There is one very obvious reason for the reader's peculiar sensitivity on this subject. The mystery is picked up very often at the most intimate moment of the day—in bed or the last thing at night—and is read through, frequently without a break, as a complete experience. The reader is ready, with his defenses down, to be submerged in the book. This may indeed explain why the mystery story is denied the honor of being an art form; it so clearly depends for its full effect on our experience of the twilight hours between waking and sleeping, when the world around us begins to interlock with the world of our infancy.

FOR SOME, the associations of childhood—the never-to-be forgotten joy of discovering the great classics of Sherlock Holmes and Father Brown—seem to make it impossible to surrender to anything but a particular kind of detective story. Jacques Barzun and W. H. Auden are two addicts who have exalted their nostalgia for this irrecoverable world into vehement denunciations of the modern type of mystery story, where cynicism, violence, corruption, drink, and sex are both the writer's data and the inspiration of his style. For Barzun this world of disillusion should be kept firmly away. "Detection goes with the belief in greatness, intelligence, and integrity . . . Why pursue the criminal if society is vicious and its members worthless?" For Auden too (in a charming essay evocatively entitled "The Guilty Vicarage"), the milieu of the detective story "must appear to be an innocent society in a state of grace," where one member is suddenly shown to have fallen from grace, and where, once he has been removed, innocence can be restored. It is not difficult to see that the innocence both these critics seek is the innocence of childhood. Need we be surprised at their frustration when they are deprived of it?

For others, the classical detective story—in the vicarage or college setting—is, *if written today,* false and unsatisfying. Our experience, and our methods of transmuting it, must be more sophisticated. The world is far from innocent, and no less fascinating for that reason. The mystery solver—rarely a detective these days—must be far from invulnerable. The issue is still, as Auden in his essay wanted it to be, "the dialectic of innocence and guilt," but the center of interest has shifted. In the classical story, the detective is a kind of Socrates, a man concerned with human failings but himself above the battle; and the solution is reached by an abstract process akin to the search in Plato's *Dialogues* for the Good and the Beautiful. In the modern mystery, the central character is a Ulysses, heroic perhaps in the scale of his adventures, but for the rest as prone to temptation and sin as all of us. A specific crime is committed, and we still want to know who did it, but we are equally concerned all through the story with the kind of world in which such things get done.

Since the English are still brought up on Plato's *Dialogues,* there'll always be a Socrates in English stories, deploying not only his delightfully tantalizing cat-and-mouse method of argument but also his benign eccentricity. Like Socrates in the *Symposium,* English detectives will always be liable to wander off "in a fit of abstraction" and then turn up with a brilliant *aperçu.* And the favorite method of expression will always be the paradox. "If you are in earnest," says a puzzled Dr. Watson in the *Gorgias,* "is not the whole of human life turned upside down?" How we loved it when Holmes turned everything upside down!

With modern mysteries, especially the American ones, we have moved on from the *Dialogues* to Greek drama. Man struggling with the blind forces of fate—in this case the force of a corrupt society—is the most pervasive theme. In an equally striking way, the terse brilliance of Dashiell Hammett and his followers echoes perfectly the dry-sharp, cynical wit of the Greek comedies. Not that national divisions are absolute. Many Americans remain enamored of fog and hansom cab; and down in the English vicarage there is a powerful yearning for the clear, cruel light of California and the uninhibited drive of New York.

THESE ARE, to judge by the mysteries before me, the two favorite locales; and even if the stories are now beginning to repeat themselves, the scene is always fascinating and invention has not yet run entirely dry. In *The Eighth Circle,* for example, a novel by Stanley Ellin (Random House, $3.50), the background—familiar enough—is police corruption in New York; but the story we are involved in is the attempt of a private detective to prove that his client—a young cop—is *guilty.* It is a quite original situation, which lends itself to some thrilling scenes. By contrast, another New York story, *The Grey Flannel Shroud,* by Henry Slesar (Random House, $2.95), is unconvincing as a crime story, though amusing as yet another picture of life on Madison Avenue.

For California, Erle Stanley Gard-


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ner in *The Case of the Deadly Toy* (Morrow, $2.95) has no trouble whatsoever in keeping us poised breathlessly for the usual court hearing, which takes up the last third of the book. Gardner's Perry Mason stories all achieve a kind of classical effect, not only because of the brilliant court scenes but also—oddly enough—from the relentless banality and uniformity of the incidents and dialogue leading up to the climax. Perry and his friends speak the flattest English in the business, and the story is always unbelievable; but the total effect is irresistible—a timeless Californian period piece.

The same ingredients fall into more or less similar form in three other California stories. In *The Fifth Caller,* by Helen Nielson (Morrow, $2.95), one remembers faintly that the problems are murder and amnesia. In *The Case of the Chased and the Unchaste,* by Thomas B. Dewey (Random House, $2.95), a private eye guards himself against seduction while failing to guard a movie producer's child against kidnapping. In *Brothers and Sisters Have I None,* a first book by Jack Usher (Mill-Morrow, $2.95), a truck driver named Steve Pelchek is battered back and forth among the whites and Mexicans of a small southern Californian town, where seduction raises no eyebrows—in any case not Pelchek's. All three books have pace, and the settings are real—perhaps too real, but the original freshness of the California style seems now to be fading.

Is this because the mixture of reality and fantasy has gone wrong? It is always, of course, a personal mixture. For some readers the background itself should be a genuine slice of reality, with murder and the chase as fantastic an intrusion as it would be in our own lives. The setting need not be familiar; indeed the author gets high marks for something unusual—the world of bell ringing in Norfolk, or the dinkum life of Western Australia; but it has to be quite believable, with murder as the thunderbolt. For others, however, the whole thing should be a fairy story—the more unreal the better. The early Californian detective stories certainly belong in this class, for when this never-never land of passion, wealth, and rootlessness found a prose racy and detached enough to match it, the surrender to a world of make-believe could be complete. The trouble is that with art, as usual, forcing the pace, nature has finally caught up. The impossibly dazzling has become the tawdrily familiar.

THERE IS another formula which has its adherents, where murder itself is the real subject, to be explored socially, juridically, or psychologically in the most intimate detail. But despite its title, Robert Traver's huge best-selling *Anatomy of a Murder* (St. Martin's Press, $4.50) is not really this kind of book. Its appeal lies in the peculiar power that any long novel has, if at some early point the author roots us to his characters. We are at his mercy, whatever the setting may be, until he lets us go.

Much more compelling on the subject of murder itself is the calm, infinitely moving simplicity of a very short book by Curtis Bok: *Star Wormwood* (Knopf, $3.95). The identification here is quite astonishing. The book tells the story of an utterly horrifying murder, and leaves us in complete sympathy with the lost soul—a young boy—who commits it.

It has the mood of a piece of chamber music in three movements—Crime, Trial, Execution. The author is a judge, and the aim of the book is to move us to an awareness of how benighted we are in our attitude to crime and punishment. A rather turgid commentary is inserted between the movements, but it is the story itself that matters. The image of the boy, and our relation to him, remain permanently engraved on the mind.

# *Mrs. Crawford's Confession*

**JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH**

**SIR CHARLES DILKE: A VICTORIAN TRAGEDY, by Roy Jenkins. London: *Collins. 25s.***

Charles Wentworth Dilke was born in 1843 and died in 1911. Of substantial family and with a satisfactory income, in the 1870's and early 1880's he was one of the rising stars of British politics. Early in his life, he outraged Queen Victoria by some incipient republicanism and a highly abortive effort to trim the lush grants and dowries that were being requested for the more obscure branches of the royal family. For a time this cost him his chance for cabinet office, but eventually the Queen either forgave or forgot or perhaps merely got tired of objecting. Dilke's effective advocacy of franchise reform and working-class legislation won him the solid respect and support of the poorer citizens. His constant and elegant entertaining established him, perhaps somewhat less securely, in London society. In 1885, like his friend Joseph Chamberlain, he was clearly a man with a future. Many considered him the most likely successor to Gladstone as the leader of the Liberals.

But the summer of 1885 was, to put it very gently, a bad season for Dilke. In July, Mrs. Donald Crawford, the sister of Dilke's brother's widow, and a woman who combined considerable literary and erotic inventiveness, confessed to her husband that Dilke had been her lover. She was circumstantial as to times and places and other details, and her husband sued for divorce naming Dilke as a co-respondent. For a prominent politician in Victorian England, this was a catastrophe. (There had been a considerable to-do fifteen years before when the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, was named a co-respondent in the Mordaunt case, and the matter wasn't entirely cleared up when the Prince proclaimed his pristine purity under oath and Lady Mordaunt was declared mad not only by doctors but by her co-operative father.) Such a scandal was especially bad for a Liberal, for the party was in close alliance with middle-class righteousness. Moreover, Dilke's political enemies were happy to remark that this was exactly the behavior one


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should expect from a republican and a radical. Worst of all, Mrs. Crawford soon averred that in order to make things utterly interesting for Dilke, she had often had an assistant, a maidservant of Dilke's called Fanny. Two of them—now really!

Dilke was ruined. He lost his seat in the House of Commons, although here the scandal was not the central cause. Gladstone told him there could be no public office while he was under such a shadow. Two trials followed, in one of which the court, while exculpating Dilke, also gave Crawford his divorce and thus underwrote the validity of the confession. In a further and highly confusing proceeding, Dilke's misbehavior was for all practical purposes affirmed. He was a very bad witness for himself. His answers were cautious, hedged, and wordy, and while he denied having had an affair with Mrs. Crawford (and Fanny), he declined to answer when pressed concerning Mrs. Crawford's mother.

In later years, Dilke struggled to clear his name, and on the whole he did a better job of it than at the trials. A coal-mining constituency was far more interested in his advocacy of the eight-hour day than in how he spent his nights, and returned him to the House. But he never again held high office. Mrs. Crawford's subsequent career was rather more remarkable. She became a Catholic, a prolific writer on socio-religious topics, and was the first Labour member of the St. Marylebone borough council. She died about ten years ago at eighty-five.

ALL OF THESE fascinating matters and many more have gone into this shrewd and well-written biography of Dilke by Roy Jenkins, which has recently attracted attention in England. Mr. Jenkins is himself a rising figure in British politics, an influential member of Parliament, and one of the leading economists of the Labour Party. The papers on Dilke's efforts to clear himself were recently put in the British Museum, and Mr. Jenkins made much use of these.

The author's conclusion, and it is very hard to escape it, is that Dilke was falsely accused and possibly framed. Mrs. Crawford's testimony was a tissue of lies. She was shown to be having an exceedingly lively time with a dashing type called Captain Forster. Erotic parts of this adventure were simply shifted to Dilke. Her reasons remain far from clear. There have been suggestions that Joseph Chamberlain might have thought this a way to get rid of an inconvenient rival for office. Mr. Jenkins is not persuaded, although he is also somewhat puzzled by Chamberlain's behavior in the case. If this was a political conspiracy, it was manifestly a dirty one.

There is also the puzzling problem of why Dilke did not make a better case for himself; he fumbled badly on questions where subsequent investigations showed him to be completely in the clear. Mr. Jenkins appears to think—he is not explicit on the point—that Dilke was partly crushed and demoralized by the suddenness of the blow. My own conclusion from Mr. Jenkins's evidence, including portions of the transcripts of the trials, would be rather different. I suspect that Dilke, a widower for some ten years prior to the scandal, was conscious of many pleasant moments which would not stand the light of the Victorian day. This knowledge was a grave handicap in denying Mrs. Crawford's lies, for on top of a denial might come irrefutable truth. His answer, or lack of answer, to the question about Mrs. Crawford's mother is particularly suggestive in the various meanings of that term. There is an interesting parallel here with the Hiss trials. Whatever the extent of Hiss's guilt, he was unquestionably handicapped, particularly in his early appearances before the Congressional committee, by associations and behavior that he did not feel he could safely disclose. The result was an unconvincing defense. So with Dilke. To frame an innocent man must be rather hard. But an individual with a sense of guilt over some collateral misbehavior is surely a sitting duck.

Dilke's tragedy was indeed well worth rescuing and re-examining. The only thing that dilutes one's sympathy is the thought that he was lucky to live in a century when the crime was associating with a woman of the wrong character rather than with men of the wrong ideas.

# *The Lesson of the Master*

**ALFRED KAZIN**

FREUD: THE MIND OF THE MORALIST, by Philip Rieff. *Viking. $6.*

SIGMUND FREUD'S MISSION, by Erich Fromm. *Harper. $3.*

Philip Rieff's book is a brilliant and beautifully reasoned example of what Freud's influence has really been: an increasing intellectual vigilance about human nature. So far as I can tell, Freud has been marvelous for intellectuals and a bit confusing to everyone else. The art of loving (even oneself) seems to be as difficult in the Freudian era as in any other; and the intelligence with which certain writers can get to work on Freud's ideas—sorting them out, pairing them off, relating them to previous ideas and to our sense of crisis—is only further proof that the Eden of our undivided human nature is far behind us, and that like the Master himself, many an intellectual today has no greater passion than to write a good book.

Freud's own life was quite extraordinarily laborious, ascetic, and intellectual. Despite his concern with civilized man's oppression and denial of his instinctual nature, Freud himself believed that this repression is essential to "culture." And in describing human nature as a fundamentally insoluble conflict between two different provinces of human need, Freud was not merely describing human nature but actively interpreting it. Like every true investigator of human nature, he showed that man's difficulties already represent ethical ideas and can lead to new ethical choices. In short, Freud was a moralist, drawing "lessons on the right conduct of life from the misery of living it."

This starting point leads Mr.


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Rieff really to examine the implications and consequences of Freud's ideas; and the examination is exciting, for Mr. Rieff has not only a sociologist's alertness to the cultural implications of Freud's doctrine but also acute resources—and knowledge—as a student of intellectual history. Fundamentally, his motive in writing the book would seem to be the Freudian motive in so many intellectual enterprises: to lay bare, to disentangle, to establish contradictions and to unveil significances. Just as psychoanalysis has become for many writers what it was for Freud all his life long—an intellectual adventure, a constant sense of discovery related to problems rather than to patients, who merely furnished the problems—so Mr. Rieff's own excitement in the book is to make elegant distinctions, to uncover the mind of this moralist as a descendant and correction of modern thought. Mr. Rieff has a superb last chapter on "Psychological Man"—who has replaced the Political Man of antiquity, the Religious Man of the Middle Ages, the Economic Man handed down by the Enlightenment—and who produces the kind of cultural self-concern that is so characteristic of our period. Once you realize, as Mr. Rieff does, that men live by distinct values and choices, whether they know it or not; that they go from role to role in history as expressions of the philosophy they live by—then you have a sense that our fate depends on the soundness and correctness of the ideas we have now. An intellectual critic like Mr. Rieff can get to work, minutely retracing the implications and correlations of the Freudian world view, as if every step of thought were the only meaningful action for man today.

In a sense this intellectual vigilance duplicates the psychoanalytical session itself, which constantly offers up to the patient the minute significances and implications of his self-interpretation. In analysis, these follow from what Mr. Rieff brilliantly underscores as the Freudian distrust of everything that is not the inner life, private conduct, the self. But what the analyst does for the patient—present the terms for his new choices as a human being—Mr. Rieff does in respect to the cultural significance of Freudianism. His style has the same closeness, the same undertone of hypertense alertness. Again and again he makes brilliant points. Although everyone knows that Freud's ideas are in direct descent from the Romantic poets and philosophers, who valued "that which cannot be described," no one, to my knowledge, has analyzed this relationship as well as Mr. Rieff has. He points out that since Freud "refused to treat mind except as an historical process," no thought or feeling is self-explainable to Freud, and he develops this later in showing how pitilessly Freud assumed that everything in the psyche is for use, how little he accounted for apathy. This wholly dynamic psychology led Freud to show things in too "emphatic" a setting, to enlarge on purposes and conflicts, equivalences and denials. But "as Freud's sense of the compelling social nature of love grew upon him, he became more aware of sexuality—the secret act of the private individual—as a safeguard to the de-individualizing functions of love as authority."

Mr. Rieff's most moving insight is that "we can measure the speed and distance of the modern retreat from a political doctrine of freedom by this touting of whatever appears refractory in human nature, as if freedom were thereby being proclaimed as inherent in the life-giving act itself." In the particularly brilliant last section of the book, analyzing the increasing privacy with which the individual views his role today, he shows why "the popular drift of psychological science aims at freeing the individual most of all from the burden of opposition" and remarks that "Freud was . . . unable to perceive that our own culture might become highly permissive in the sphere of . . . sexual morals—the better to enforce its public repressions."

The real value of Mr. Rieff's book is that it shows to what extent contemporary thought has assimilated Freud's ideas; the complexities and contradictions he has uncovered in Freud's thought—these are now everyone's, and the only way in which we can conceive getting the better of them is in extending our intellectual vigilance over human nature, in the kind of thoughtfulness which Mr. Rieff's book exemplifies.

By contrast, Dr. Erich Fromm's little book, essentially a hostile analysis of Freud's personal asceticism and authoritarian personality, renders its own points ineffective precisely because of the slightness and discursiveness with which he tries to express in such short space criticisms of Freud's personality and the moral implications of his doctrine. Such criticisms have to be made minutely and thoroughly to have any significance at all.

The trouble with the "revisionists" of Freud, like Dr. Fromm, is not so much in their ideas—many of which, emphasizing the social molding of human nature, are valuable in contrast to the unrelieved solitude of the Freudian arena in which the self struggles for light. It is the utter lack of any system, of intellectual coherence, of decisiveness; the neo-Freudians seem to live intellectually from hand to mouth, and they offer corrections of Freudian doctrine that are not unsound so much as they are inconstant. Dr. Fromm's criticisms of Freud's harsh and puritanical personality would be more significant, surely, if one did not see in his impatient style that he is looking for any stone to fling against this Goliath. Much of what he says about the dismal nineteenth-century bourgeois in Freud is perfectly correct. "The whole mystery of sublimation, which Freud never quite adequately explained, is the mystery of capital formation according to the myth of the nineteenth-century middle class. Just as wealth is the product of saving, culture is the product of instinctual frustration . . . Freud speaks of . . . love as a man of his time speaks of property or capital." This is an important point, but it is a point in passing; it does not follow from any whole point of view that Fromm offers us in rebuttal to Freud.

Freud's overwhelming influence stems from the fact that he does offer us a new point of view, that with him one goes from idea to idea, from subject to subject. In the same way, the great intellectual systems of the past exerted their appeal by


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really lighting up the world, by explaining things in extent, by showing the relationship of man to the world and of man to himself. Mr. Rieff, though no disciple, shows the thoroughness and coherence of Freud's system by the closeness with which he is able to analyze every side of it; his book, tight and complete, is the best possible tribute to the comprehensive nature of Freud's genius. Dr. Fromm, who seems to have learned the intellectual caprice of his adopted country, gives away the fundamental eclecticism of his view by trying to evaluate so fundamental a theme as Freud's austerity in this short space. Freud's theory may be more useful to the intelligence than to the passions, but it does answer to certain fundamental requirements of the intelligence.

# *Jackson and the Historians*

**WILLIAM LETWIN**

BANKS AND POLITICS IN AMERICA FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE CIVIL WAR, by Bray Hammond. *Princeton. $12.50.*

THE JACKSONIAN ERA, by Glyndon G. Van Deusen. *Harper. $5.*

It was Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s, *The Age of Jackson,* published in 1945, that initiated the postwar public into the politics of the 1830's. The book quickly became very popular, and with good reason. Schlesinger knows how to tell a story; he gave an account of the bank war, for instance, that made a century-old episode seem as lively as—and much more understandable than—the conflicts of current politics. We read how, in a battle of titans, President Jackson, championing the poor Western debtors, attacked and defeated Nicholas Biddle, president of the Bank of the United States and, as such, leader and spokesman for Big Business. Told well, this story benefited besides from having a moral that many readers found congenial, that "liberalism in America has been ordinarily the movement on the part of the other sections of society to restrain the power of the business community. This was the tradition of Jefferson and Jackson"; and, as Schlesinger made clear, of Franklin Roosevelt, who had adapted it to efficient use in the contemporary world.

*The Age of Jackson,* in short, was successful because it was picturesque and pointed. Harold Laski in a moment of irritation referred to it as "a brilliant pamphlet." But despite all its qualities, the book has distressed some historians. They felt that Schlesinger had the plot of the story so clearly in mind that at times he made the characters play the parts he assigned them rather than the parts they had taken in real life. This flaw is particularly striking, for example, in his description of how Biddle reacted to Jackson's successful veto of the bill to renew the Bank's charter. Schlesinger said that Jackson and his supporters feared Biddle might contract the Bank's loans just before the elections of 1836, in the hope that this would "create a financial panic and insure the success of the Bank candidates and the recharter of the Bank." Jackson therefore decided to weaken the Bank by withdrawing the government's deposits, whereupon Biddle, in Schlesinger's version, launched the expected villainy. He "embarked on the campaign the radicals above all had feared: the deliberate creation of a panic in order to blackmail the government into rechartering the Bank."

That the Bank began to tighten credit at this time no one would dispute, but Schlesinger based his indictment of Biddle on very little other evidence, and that consisted largely of the fears and accusations of Biddle's opponents. This interpretation of the event fitted conveniently into the whole story Schlesinger was telling.

OTHER INFORMATION makes it appear that the fit was too good. These data are presented by Bray Hammond in *Banks and Politics in America,* one of the best pieces of


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work ever done in American economic history. Hammond shows in great and meticulous detail that Biddle did not initiate the policy of credit contraction, but that he was, on the contrary, forced to do so by the way the government went about transferring its deposits from the Bank of the United States to various "pet" local banks. Hammond equates the complaints that various Jacksonians then made against the Bank for tightening credit with the French quip: "That animal is very wicked; when it is attacked, it defends itself."

Nor is this the only point at which Hammond refutes Schlesinger. He does so often, and not in the carping spirit of a historian who believes he is locked in a death struggle with error. He is rather the historian who has combined more scrupulous attention to the data with a broader imagination about the whole. The Jacksonian conflict, as Hammond sees it, was not one between the "poor debtors" and rich capitalists, but more nearly between two attitudes toward economic life, between the spirit of business enterprise on the one hand and the spirit of agrarianism on the other, or more briefly, between entrepreneur and farmer. As Hammond repeatedly points out, businessmen ranged themselves on both sides of the bank war, with those interested in the state banks and in easy credit opposing those whose interest lay rather in the Bank of the United States (which meant in Philadelphia rather than in Wall Street) or in more conservative credit policies. The view that is willing to see businessmen on both sides of American political issues may not make for as much easy entertainment as one that places all of them on the same side, but it accords much better with the observation, hardly recondite, that there has never been a party in American history that did not count many businessmen among its supporters. American history is more complicated than a record of businessmen versus all the rest.

ON THE HEELS of this controversy comes Professor Van Deusen's *The Jacksonian Era*. The book is part of the "New American Nation Series," which is dedicated, its editors (Professors Henry Steele Commager and Richard Morris) tell us, to "a judicious reappraisal" of modern historical findings, among other things. This task Professor Van Deusen has willingly accepted. After indicating that some historians have been prejudiced in favor of the Jacksonian Democrats while others have preferred their opponents, the Whigs, he records his "hope that the present volume holds an even balance in its treatment of the two great parties, and accurately portrays their strengths and weaknesses."

The theory implicit in these remarks is that the way to overcome conflicting prejudices is to average, or compromise them. The way Van Deusen treats specific incidents bears out this interpretation of his historical style. In analyzing the Bank's credit contraction, for instance, he writes that the "policy of contraction, at its beginning, was thoroughly justifiable. No one could tell what measures Jackson might take in his drive to cripple the Bank's power. It was only right that Biddle should guard against all contingencies. He continued the contraction, however, into the winter and spring of 1833-34, when it was no longer necessary in order to safeguard the Bank. This was done with the design of forcing a recharter."

Van Deusen's statement manages, in short, to reconcile neatly Schlesinger's and Hammond's views of the affair. But he raises more problems than he settles. By integrating both interpretations, he necessarily attributes to Biddle motives more complex than those attributed by either of the other interpretations; and having done so, fails to explain them. If, during the autumn of 1833, "no one could tell what measures Jackson might take," how could anyone know a few months later that contraction was "no longer necessary"? If the "design of forcing a recharter" explains Biddle's policy during the spring, what evidence is there that the design was not yet there a few months before? Van Deusen's analysis may nevertheless be more correct, but it is much less plausible than one would like.

This failure to make the material come alive is in fact the characteristic weakness of Van Deusen's book. The study is in all other respects commendable. It is thorough, balanced, and exceedingly well documented. It has all the virtues and the dignity—but also the impersonality—of the sober, professional historian's work.

# *Professor-at-Large*

**LINDSAY ROGERS**

THE PROFESSOR AND THE COMMISSIONS, by Bernard Schwartz. *Knopf. $4.*

While he was governor of New York, Alfred E. Smith remarked that professors who left their ivory towers were too often either timid people overawed by "realists" or crusaders in a hurry who failed to realize that politics is a matter of the second best. Dr. Bernard Schwartz, law professor at New York University, who believes that he has "something of an international reputation in Administrative Law," certainly proved that he was no Casper Milquetoast.

On August 1, 1957, he was appointed counsel to a subcommittee of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives (the Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight), which was to investigate the independent regulatory commissions and agencies. These bodies peer into many economic nooks and crannies. They have jurisdiction over railroads, airlines, security markets, radio and television broadcasting, gas and electricity services, unfair competition, and false advertising.

Hearings began on January 27, 1958, and Mr. Schwartz was soon in trouble with his committeemen. Some of them wished to confine the investigation to procedures and to prevent him from inquiring into allegations of White House influence on commissioners and into the



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gifts that commissioners may have accepted from persons in the industries it was their duty to regulate. There were leaks to newspapers, both by counsel and committeemen. Mr. Schwartz was dismissed; there was the *opéra bouffe* of his leaving heavy suitcases of documents with Senator Wayne L. Morse for safekeeping, and the subcommittee set a precedent in putting an ex-counsel on oath to find out what he would proceed to investigate if he were still the committee's servant.

With new counsel, the committee continued to hold hearings throughout the year (though the proceedings of February 21, 1958, are the last that have been published) and make head-

lines. One Federal Communications Commissioner resigned under fire and has been indicted; Sherman Adams departed from the White House despite President Eisenhower's plea "I need him"; Mr. Adams's crony, Bernard Goldfine (from whom he had received presents and for whom he had interceded with Federal Trade Commissioners), faces trial on a contempt-of-Congress indictment for refusal to answer the subcommittee's questions; and the awards of several television channels are being re-examined and may be upset. On January 3, 1959, the subcommittee, with its task only half completed, did not ask to be continued. It called for a broad investigation and filed a report making some useful recommendations, but the minority members accused the Democrats of glossing over wrongdoing by fellow Democrats and overstressing the seriousness of misdeeds by Republicans.

Mr. Schwartz's book says some sensible things about the desirability of the regulatory commissions looking upon themselves as courts and resenting Congressional or Executive attempts to influence their decisions. But in large part the book is a rehash of Mr. Schwartz's frustrations and an enumeration of some "leads" that the subcommittee neglected to follow. One question remains unanswered. Goethe said of a liberal of 1830 that while he wanted to do good, "he would not use fire and sword to right often inevitable wrongs." Did the New York University law professor frighten his subcommittee by threatening fire and sword too soon and too loudly? In other words, could a less impetuous counsel have kept his job and conducted an investigation that, by Congressional standards, would have been reasonably effective?

But even at their best, Congressional standards are pretty low. To do an effective job, an investigating body must stick to its task and not adjourn precipitately and frequently to answer quorum calls. There can be no effective cross-examination when each congressman is called on in order of seniority and given five minutes. Allowing witnesses to release their statements in advance (even to appear on television) and permitting testimony which is incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial, and packed with hearsay discredits not only a committee but also the House of which it is an agent.

AT THE SAME TIME that Mr. Schwartz was crusading in Washington, an investigation was being made in London. On September 19, 1957, the court of directors of the Bank of England had announced an increase in the bank rate from five per cent to seven per cent. Such a large jump meant that the prices of gilt-edged securities bearing fixed rates of interest were bound to fall. Within a day or two financial editors began to write of "inspired" selling; of people "who seemed to have got wind that something was afoot." Rumors multiplied, and on November 14, 1957, the government appointed a Tribunal of Inquiry to ascertain "whether there is any justification for allegations that information about the raising of the Bank


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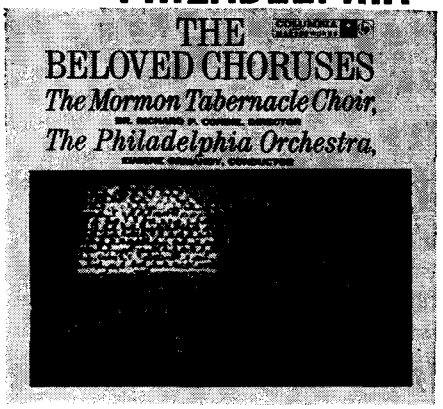


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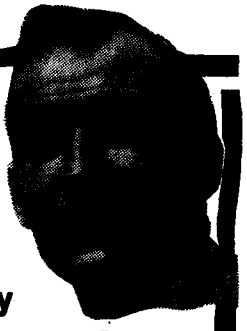

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Rate was improperly disclosed to any person and whether, if there was any such disclosure, any use was made of such information for the purpose of private gain." The tribunal was composed of a Lord Justice of Appeal and two barristers.

On November 21, the tribunal determined the procedure it would follow. The Treasury solicitor and his staff would take statements from all persons who it was thought might have information. The tribunal would consider these statements, direct what further inquiries should be made, and select the witnesses to give evidence on oath. The tribunal would know in advance what their stories were to be and the attorney general would take the witnesses through their statements and cross-examine them. If the tribunal thought it necessary, it would allow further cross-examination by eleven barristers who had been permitted to represent persons who were the objects of allegations.

Public hearings began on December 2. The tribunal sat on eleven subsequent days and adjourned on December 20, after hearing brief arguments by eight counsel and the attorney general. It did not call 236 persons who had made statements, but did receive the testimony of 132 witnesses who ranged in importance from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, bank directors, and civil servants to stenographers and private hostesses. On January 10, 1958, the tribunal made a unanimous report. There had been no leak. The House of Commons debated the report, and the incident was closed.

BUT APART from the scotching of scandal, the inquiry performed an important public service. The testimony before the tribunal gave the House and the country a much clearer picture than they had ever had before of the intricate and delicate relations between the British Treasury and the Bank of England.

In contrast, the testimony before the Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight blurs, rather than reveals, the public interests to which the regulatory commissions are insufficiently responsive. On this matter Professor Schwartz's book is more informative than Counsel Schwartz could have hoped to be.

# *Camus in Mid-Career*

**JUSTIN O'BRIEN**

CAMUS, by Germaine Brée. *Rutgers University Press. $5.*

Every attentive reader of Albert Camus has noticed here and there in his writing a telling sentence which sums up an earlier book of his or foreshadows a still unpublished one. *The Plague* alone, that novel of 1947, contains such a recall of *The Stranger* of 1942 and equally clear anticipations of *The Fall* (1956) and *Exile and the Kingdom* (1957), thus linking together all of Camus's works of fiction. With a little good will the reader can even discern in it less specific references to the two earlier plays, *Caligula* and *The Misunderstanding,* and the two that were still to come, *State of Siege* and *The Just Assassins.* This is not the result of chance. As Camus himself says in *The Myth of Sisyphus*:

*"A profound thought is in a constant state of becoming; it adopts the experience of a life and assumes its shape. Likewise, a man's sole creation is strengthened in its successive and multiple aspects: his works. One after another, they complement one another, correct or overtake one another, contradict one another too. . . . A succession of works can be but a series of approximations of the same thought."*

No other justification is needed for a comprehensive study of an author still in mid-career--at a time when, after winning the Nobel Prize, he claims that his work is not even begun—such as the one written by Germaine Brée, chairman of the Department of Romance Languages at New York University. Seeing the organic unity of the work up to this point, which reveals "the complex progress of a strong personality," she has produced a far more helpful general introduction to Camus than is provided in either the four already published in French or the two in English. To be sure, she enjoyed the help of her subject, who turned over to her unpublished manuscripts (notably his first abortive novel and the notebooks he began keeping in 1935) and carefully checked facts. But Camus scrupulously avoided any attempt to influence her critical evaluations. No matter how close Camus may have been to the writing of this book, it is an admirably independent and objective study.

PROFESSOR BREE'S approach is appropriately literary—not philosophical or political (although at times the author slips into involvement in political squabbles of a few years back). Hence the essays—among them the major ones such as *The Myth of Sisyphus* and *The Rebel*—are relegated to five chapters at the end of the book after four chapters of biography, three on the early works, six on the fiction, and three on the drama. Professor Brée admits that Camus lacks a systematic philosophy and, as a layman, addresses his essays to laymen. She even distinguishes between two kinds of essays by Camus: those in which he "elucidates certain intellectual attitudes, giving the basic orientation of his thought, and those in which he pursues [a] type of lyrical meditation." Frequently she points out that Camus's truths are passionate in nature, that all his meditations are basically lyrical, and that he yields to "a rhetoric whereby rhythm and image carry meaning beyond the control of thought." She hints, but does not quite state, that even so arid a discussion as *The Rebel* may be taken as an attempt at inner definition and the record of a personal crisis.

*The Myth of Sisyphus* and *The Rebel* have led many a critic astray into endless metaphysical and political discussion, but Germaine Brée avoids these pitfalls more skillfully than most. From her book we learn that Camus once listed his "ten favorite words" in his notebooks as "the world, suffering, the earth, the mother, men, the desert, honor, poverty, summer, the sea"—all key words, in fact, in all his writings of whatever kind, which he charges


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with emotional overtones as we expect only a poet to do. A consideration of those key words, so lyrically employed, might lead the critic to Camus's lifelong search for equilibrium through a reconciliation of extremes—his love of life and secret despair, the two sides of the coin, the "Yes" and the "No," the victims and the hangmen, the judges and the judged, the guilty and the innocent; "that essential fluctuation," as he wrote in a 1955 preface for America, "from assent to refusal which, in my view, defines the artist and his difficult calling." In turn this would explain his particular affection for "the precarious equilibrium of the moment," for "an instant suspended in eternity," while throwing light on his concept of an inner kingdom from which most men are exiled.

This book is especially valuable for its biographical chapters, with their picture of the poverty-stricken childhood in Algiers with an infirm mother and a tyrannical grandmother, the influence of discerning teachers, the first shattering attack of tuberculosis at seventeen, the early theatrical experiments, and the thesis on Plotinus and Augustine. They sketch a highly informed panorama of the intellectual ferment in Algiers in the 1930's, fully record Camus's rich experience as a stage director in Angers and Paris, and trace most plausibly the evolution of his attitude toward Marxism.

In analyzing the works of imagination, Professor Brée, with her audience in mind, limits herself largely to their apparent virtues, neither stretching to find analogues for Camus's themes nor delving for debatable symbols. She even points out how his stage adaptations (from the Spanish baroque, the contemporary Italian Dino Buzzati, and the American Faulkner) fit into the world of Camus and reflect his preoccuptions. In this connection it is strange that —despite references to an unfinished novel and an unfinished play on the theme of Don Juan—she never even mentions his adaptation of Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*, now running so successfully in Paris. Surely it must have figured in his notebooks during the last few years.

THE ONLY OBJECTIONS that can be made to Professor Brée's very valuable book concern omissions. She might, for instance, have provided a close study of Camus's evolution from the initial concept of the absurd to that of revolt, and she might have included an examination of his style. But she is to be congratulated for having early discerned that Camus will live as an artist, that he stands out among his contemporaries, who likewise endured the convulsions of "an absolutely insane history," simply because he has consistently maintained the necessary and perilous equilibrium between commitment and aloofness.

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For the nonmusicologist record collector who wants to discover what he could enjoy amid all this exoticism, it might be helpful to sort out the general categories. The most basic is ethnic music—music indigenous to a particular race or groups of races that share a common culture. Such music is almost invariably a functional part of its society. The songs and dances may


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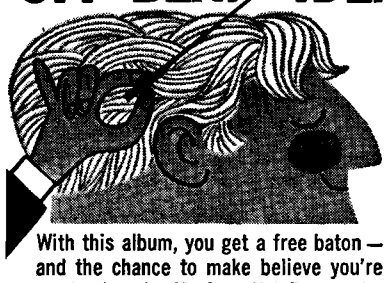

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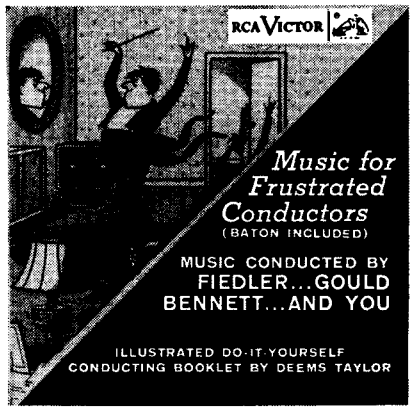


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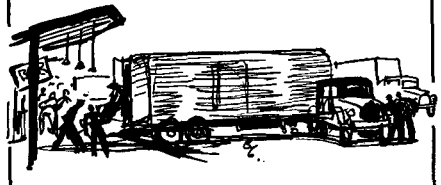

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on occasion be meant primarily as entertainment, but the music is often intensely involved with vital community functions—work, war, religion, healing.

The word "primitive" is often used to describe this kind of music. But it would be a mistake to conclude that it is always crude or savage music. The instruments of some cultures may be rudimentary in that they are handmade and limited in range, but the music—as in African drumming—can be much more complex and subtle than rhythmic practices in the European tradition. (A clear, absorbing introduction to this subject is in *Music of the World's Peoples,* Volumes 1-4, Folkways FE-4504-4507, which include but do not limit themselves to ethnic music.)

The products of old and sophisticated Eastern cultures, which are also to be grouped in the ethnic category, certainly do not sound primitive. Music from the East—the *ragas* of India, the music of Balinese gamelans, the songs of Japan—can be unexpectedly rewarding and almost hypnotically relaxing after not too long a period of indoctrination. (*India,* Columbia KL-215; *The Sounds of India,* Columbia WL-119; *Music of Bali,* Westminster WAF-201; *Japan, The Ryukyus, Formosa and Korea, Columbia* KL-214.)

Although there remain few unexplored regions of the earth, there are still some peoples who are almost entirely uninfluenced by the music of any culture other than their own. One of the most rhythmically fascinating and emotionally stimulating examples on record is *Corroboree! Music of the Australian Aboriginals* (Capitol T-10037).

The largest and most varied collections of ethnic music are produced by Folkways, and no item in that label's catalogue is ever allowed to go out of print. Folkways includes in each album a separate booklet with full texts and translations and usually a detailed historical background of the music and its surrounding culture. Of the major labels, the most important continuing project in this field is Columbia's *World Library of Folk and Primitive Music* under the general direction of Alan Lomax. The care in preparation and the scope of the detailed, illustrated notes in the Columbia series are models of their kind and are especially rare from a large company.

Capitol, through its world-wide parent organization, E.M.I., has access to ethnic material and has released a few authentic folk sets—along with a large number of diluted, quasi-folk albums—in its often valuable *Capitol of the World* series. Too frequently, the notes for these packages are skimpy and the translations are incomplete or nonexistent. Some companies spend liberally for four-color cover photographs of vigorous young ladies in folk costumes but economize on the liner notes which should be the basic key to understanding the music for the nonspecialist buyer. A similar absurdity is some labels' practice of issuing lieder records without full translations.

As ETHNIC MUSIC spreads over larger stretches of territory, regional and national songs result. Folkways again has the largest selection. For the United States alone, there are *Bay State Ballads, Folk Songs and Ballads of Virginia,* and many more. There is even a set of "oral children's lore," *The Singing Streets: Childhood Memories of Ireland and Scotland* (Folkways FW-8501). Other labels worth investigating are Westminster (for which Alan Lomax has done a remarkably diversified series of *Songs and Dances of Spain*); Cook (strong on the sounds of the Caribbean, including the plangent steel drums); Angel (most notably a brilliant *Music on the Desert Road,* 35515); Tradition (a small but distinguished and carefully prepared catalogue); and Monitor, which releases albums of Russian, Armenian, Latvian, and other folk materials of eastern Europe. The Monitor recordings are especially valuable now that they are providing full translations in the liners.

Riverside and its subsidiary label, Judson, are notably rich in collections of British and American songs. It is often entertaining to trace "national" songs. Many British ballads, for instance, were brought to America and were altered by changed conditions and temperaments. (*Matching Songs of the British Isles and America,* Ewan MacColl and



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Peggy Seeger, Riverside 12-637, and *A Family Tree of Folk Songs,* Sam Hinton, Decca DL-8418.) Burl Ives's *Australian Folk Songs* (Decca DL-8749) includes an Australian adaptation of the Irish "Wild Colonial Boy" and a "Dying Stockman" that has the same melody as the American "Streets of Laredo," which is in turn based on the Irish "The Unfortunate Rake."

Aside from the charm or the poignancy or the challenging strangeness of the music, much of the attraction of folk songs can come from what they teach of a people's political, social, and even economic history. Examples are *The Rising of the Moon: Irish Songs of Rebellion* (Tradition TLP-1006) and *The Great American Bum: Hobo and Migratory Workers' Songs* (Riverside 12-619).

JUST AS there are differences in kinds of folk music, so there are categories of interpreters. Some albums, like the Irish collection *Lark in the Morning* (Tradition TLP-1004), are

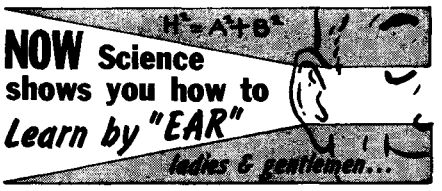
recorded in a locality where the singers know few if any songs but those of their own families and countryside and do not usually regard themselves as artists or professional entertainers. Similar in kind is the invaluable *Negro Folk Music of Alabama* series on Folkways, which also clarifies a great deal about the sources of jazz.

The American folk singer Jean Ritchie, whose voice has a cleansing clarity and freshness, began by singing material she learned at home in the Kentucky mountains but became a professional folk singer when she moved to New York. (*Jean Ritchie,* Elektra 125; *The Ritchie Family of Kentucky,* Folkways FA-2316.) She represents a middle ground between the relatively unself-conscious folk singer and the quite self-conscious professional entertainer who sings folk songs but often is not a folk singer.

The professional, in short, does not necessarily sing out of his own experience and heritage. He may have learned his material from other singers, from commercial recordings, from Library of Congress collections, and even from watching Harry Belafonte—the prototype of the professional singer of folk songs—on TV. Many of the folk albums now available are by singers in this category, and while they are usually more easily absorbed at first, they are likely to be of less durable interest than sets from more authentic sources. An interesting example of a man whose early experience was largely free of artistic sophistication but who became a smooth professional entertainer is Josh White. As a boy, he led Blind Lemon Jefferson, Blind Blake, and other itinerant blues singers through the streets of Southern cities. White, however, eventually polished the songs he had absorbed into slickly stylized nightclub and concert routines. "The reason," he said to a friend recently, "is that I wanted people to understand what I was singing." He remembered having been on the same bill with the late Leadbelly (Folkways FA-2941/2), a folk singer of immense raw power. "But the people in the night clubs didn't know what he was saying." Yet, say White's detractors, it will be Leadbelly's rather than Josh White's later records that will survive.

There is also the entertainer who pretends to be nothing else. Actor Theodore Bikel performs delightfully in many languages, but his best album nonetheless consists of the Jewish folk songs (Elektra 141) with which he grew up. Among other entertainers are the Weavers (Vanguard 9010), Will Holt (Coral 57114), Martha Schlamme (Vanguard 9019), and Marais and Miranda (Decca 9026/7).

A further category consists of those singers of folk material who make "art songs" of what they do. The most skillful is the highly disciplined and consistently tasteful Richard Dyer-Bennet, whose seven albums on his own label (Richard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Dyer-Bennet Records, P.O. Box 235, Woodside 77, New York) can be recommended unreservedly.

Happily, an increasing number of folk albums are aimed at children. The major labels, for the most part, continue their bland approach to children's recordings; but a company like Folkways is particularly creative in this area. (*Beasts, Birds, Bugs & Little Fishes,* Pete Seeger, 710/11; *Music Time,* Charity Bailey, 7307; *Skip Rope Games,* 7029.) Also worth hearing are *Songs Children Sing in Italy* (Judson 3025) and *Songs Children Sing in Germany* (Judson 3030), both sung by Bob and Louise DeCormier.

As FOLK MUSIC has increasingly become the property of the professional entertainer, it has appeared to many that the "real" folk music is dying out and that soon there will remain only the reinterpreters of what was once a living folk expression. The prognosis is somewhat oversimplified. Folk music does continue to be created. In this half century in America, for example, there has been Woody Guthrie, many of whose original "talking blues" have felt and sounded so authentic that they have become part of other singers' repertoires and, in fact, of this country's mainstream folk tradition (*Dust Bowl Ballads,* Folkways FA-2482).

Throughout the world, in fact, a new kind of folk music is developing. As A. L. Lloyd writes in the British magazine *Recorded Folk Music:* "A vital folk music arises directly out of the day-to-day needs of the people, and tends to be sensitive to small changes of social life. The opening of a bus route to a Macedonian village may bring an entirely new musical style into the neighborhood. The arrival of Indian elephant drivers in the African jungle—they come as instructors—may create a new class of hybrid Asian-Indian songs. . . . The sudden availability of unfamiliar instruments—factory-made guitars in the Congo, alto saxophones in rural Western Rumania—may lay the foundation for new folk music styles."

A touching illustration of Lloyd's point occurred when Hugh Tracey was collecting music in Africa. He found a lovely song of the Kipsigis tribe in Kenya. It turned out to be a tribute by a group of girls to the late American Southern singer of railroad and hillbilly blues, Jimmie Rodgers, whose work is available on Victor LPM-1640. The first records the tribe ever heard were by Rodgers, and the girls had become convinced that he was a faun—half man and half antelope. They created a song of welcome for him inviting him to come and dance with them (*Music of Africa Series, No. 2, Kenya,* London LB-826).

THE RECORDING of folk music began some sixty years ago. A. L. Lloyd cites Evgenia Lineva, who traveled the Russian countryside with a phonograph as early as 1897 and recorded some 750 items. Today practically no musical sounds being made anywhere, no matter how remote the place, are likely to be unrepresented in the back pages of the *Schwann Long Playing Record Catalog.* André Malraux' "museum without walls" has been equipped with a microphone.


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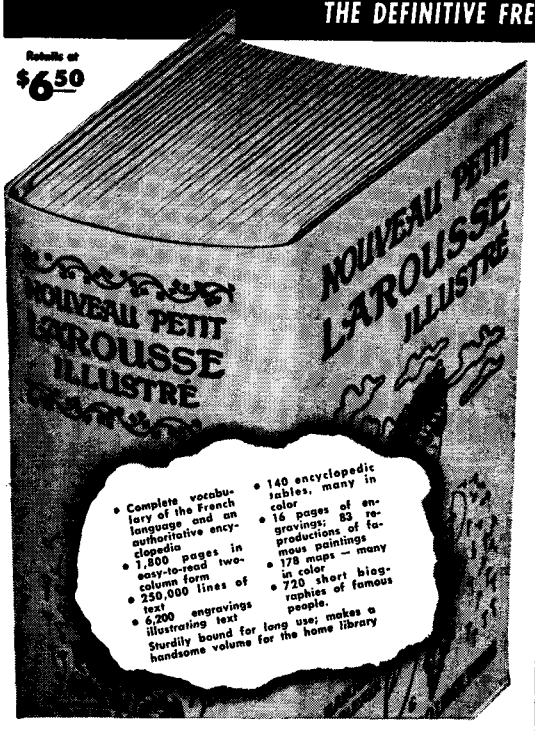
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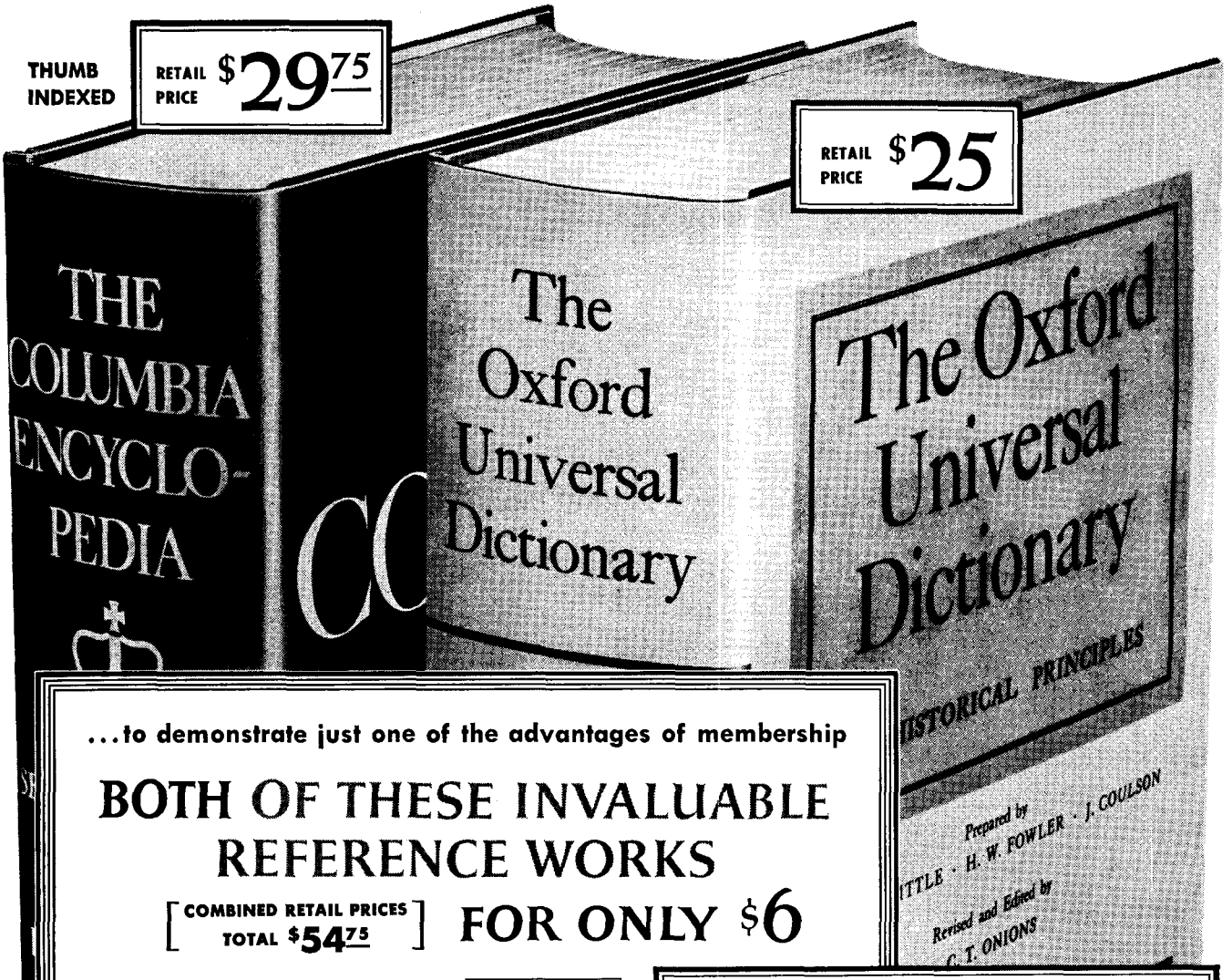


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